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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Perspectives

MORE and more the American historical background is furnishing rich material to the American biographer, novelist and poet. Our early history seems to be in for a period of thorough, highly individualized exploration. Needless to say, the professional historians keep steadily at it, surveying and re-surveying all the old territory; but more than ever our writers of fiction seem to be realizing the rich resources of romance implicit in the story of this nation.

One poet at least, John G. Neihardt, has recently and epically celebrated the frontier. Novels of the comparatively early West have of late years proved increasingly popular, and the ranks of their authors seem ever recruited from fresh talent. This Spring, moreover, shows the biographers industriously at work. We have with us "The Saga of Billy the Kid," "The Rise and Fall of Jesse James," "Yellowstone Kelly's Memoirs," "Six Years with the Texas Rangers," "Fifty Years on the Old Frontier," the reprinting of that rare old narrative, George Devrol's "Forty Years a Gambler on the Mississippi," the importation of a Frenchman's account of the life of Johann August Sutter, Sandburg's "Lincoln," Esther Shephard's "Paul Bunyan" (the second work recently to appear on this famous American mythological hero), several excellent books on Jefferson, several books by ex-cow-punchers, (Will James and Ross Santee); Cameron Roger's extraordinarily vivid biography of Walt Whitman, several important compilations of Indian songs, and so on and so forth. Such are but a few of the books now appearing or in process.

It is significant also of a reawakened interest in our national history that two of the most-heralded moving pictures which have recently been shown in New York are the adaptation of Zane Grey's "The Vanishing American" (the story of the noble Red Man) and "The Flaming Frontier," based upon General George Armstrong Custer's encounters with the Indians.

Interest in the early West constitutes, of course, only one aspect of the situation. For several years, for instance, Meade Minnegerode, in "The Fabulous Forties," "Lives and Times," his two-volume collaboration on the life of Aaron Burr, and now "Some American Ladies," has delved, for the most part with delightful informality, into other phases of our history. And last week, in this column, we noticed Thomas Beer's "The Mauve Decade," a sprightly and keen examination of our late '80s and '90s.

Also, in this past year, the literature of the American negro has received some valuable additions. "The Book of Negro Spirituals," by James Weldon Johnson, Alain Locke's "The New Negro," R. Emmet Kennedy's "Mellows," the novels of Du Bose Heyward and Stribling, the poetry by such gifted negro writers as Countée Cullen and Langston Hughes, occur to us to mention.

We have omitted much and given but a few indications. A more thorough examination of the situation would doubtless reveal even more cause for rejoicing. We say "for rejoicing," because, following a wave of creative writing that dealt principally with the spiritual barrenness, and darker side generally, of our national development as it affected frustrated souls, there has come a period of vital interest in our origins, of more vivid appreciation of our variegated past, of general "getting out-of-doors" for a more objective view of the panorama of American life in perspective.

The River in the Meadows

By LÉONIE ADAMS

CRYSTAL parting the meads,
A boat drifted up it like a swan,
Tranquil, lovely, its bright front to the waters,
A slow swan is gone.

Full waters, O flowing silver,
Pure, level with the clover,
It will stain drowning a star,
With the moon it will brim over.

Running through lands dewy and shorn,
Cattle stoop at its brink,
And every fawny-colored throat
Will sway its bells and drink.

I saw a boat sailing the river
With a tranced gait. It seemed
Loosed by a spell from its moorings,
Or a thing the helmsman dreamed.

They said it would carry no traveler,
But the vessel would go down,
If a heart were heavy-winged,
Or the bosom it dwelt in, stone.

This Week

"The Plumed Serpent." Reviewed by *Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant.*

"Roundabout." Reviewed by *Anne Parrish.*

"Poincaré's Memoirs." Reviewed by *Archibald Cary Coolidge.*

"From Double Eagle to Red Flag." Reviewed by *Malcolm W. Davis.*

"The United States and Mexico." Reviewed by *Carleton Beals.*

Next Week or Later

"D. H. Lawrence." By *Richard Aldington.*

"The Silver Stallion." Reviewed by *Joseph Wood Krutch.*

Even the Great War is thus being viewed. When in one season you can witness as fine a moving picture of America's part in that war as Laurence Stallings's "The Big Parade," and also read two such straightforward and dynamic accounts of the fighting-front as Captain John W. Thomason's "Fix Bayonets!" and Hervey Allen's "Toward the Flame" the contention is proved. And Thomason adds to his ability to write, a trenchant genius with the pencil. His draughtsmanship is superb.

New and revivifying biographical treatments, then, of our earlier history, an enlightening increase in the literature of the American Negro, a new, cooler-headed and surer-handed chronicling of the war with Germany,—these seem to us the three most important recent characteristics of our literature, aside from the usual trends. They are healthful indications,—particularly as with them can be seen emerging a refreshingly individual treatment of source material, a spirit of enthusiasm and humorous intelligence, a fine and hard integrity.

The Tragic Philosophy*

By CHARLES M. BAKEWELL
Yale University

AFTER twenty years, and after many rebuffs which would have discouraged any but the most ardent of disciples, Dr. Levy has at last succeeded in bringing the authorized English translation of Nietzsche's works to completion with the publication of the eighteenth or index volume. He has good cause for rejoicing, not only over the long deferred accomplishment of his purpose, but also over the manner in which it has been done. I refer not to the book making, which is in every way excellent, but to the translations. He has been fortunate in finding collaborators as devoted and faithful as himself, and skilful enough in the use both of German and of English to give their translations the vitality, the charm, the spirit, the *tempo* (to use one of Nietzsche's favorite words) of the original text—a difficult task, for Nietzsche was a rare master in the artistry of speech.

Few men have, I think, been more universally misunderstood and misrepresented both by friend and by foe. This was perhaps inevitable in the case of a writer who gives no systematic presentation of his philosophy, but contents himself with throwing it out in dazzling fragments—in songs, in brilliant epigrams, and in pregnant aphorisms. One can find isolated statements to support almost any interpretation. Nietzsche's temperament was that of the poet rather than that of the thinker. Perhaps it would be fairer to say that for him the thinker is always the poet, the creator of values.

One cannot get at the proper angle of vision for interpreting Nietzsche's philosophy without taking into consideration certain facts in his history. He was born in 1844 and was descended from a long line of preachers on both sides of the house. His father died when he was five years old and he was brought up by his mother, as his sister tells us, with Spartan severity and simplicity. He received his early training in the famous Pforta school, distinguished both for the severity of its discipline and for the fame of the scholars it has produced. He was a great lover of out-door exercise, seems to have had an excellent physique, and to have been capable of prodigious mental and physical exertion.

At the age of twenty he entered the University of Bonn with high ambition and threw himself into his work with that energy and devotion to the task in hand that was characteristic of his every undertaking. He worked always at high pressure, and early and late, devouring everything he could find that could in any way help him in his chosen field, which was classical philology—philology, however, interpreted in a very broad way, as the door that led to the understanding of classical culture and civilization, and as being at once science, philosophy, and art. He was soon disillusioned in what passed for scholarship in the university, petty, wooden, and uninspiring—"culture philistinism," he later called it—and was thoroughly disgusted with his fellow students whom he found a superficial, frivolous, swashbuckling, beer-guzzling crowd. At the end of the year he followed his teacher, Ritschl, to Leipzig. Here he found conditions no better than at Bonn, but he made his escape through the timely discovery of Schopenhauer and Wagner, the two titanic figures in the Germany of that day. Of the former he wrote, after reading his "The World as

* The complete works of Friedrich Nietzsche in 18 volumes. Edited by Dr. Oscar Levy. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925. $50.

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Will and Idea": "Here I saw a mirror in which I espied the world, life, and my own nature depicted with frightful grandeur." He was introduced to Wagner. It was the beginning of a friendship that ripened into intimacy in the years that followed, the brightest page in Nietzsche's troubled career.

Himself a musician of great talent, he was already the enthusiastic admirer of the composer of "Tristan" before he made his acquaintance. Wagner at once became his hero, the one man destined to inaugurate a new and higher culture, a yea-saying culture, noble, proud, and free, and pagan—cheerfulness triumphing through pessimism, as in Æschylean tragedy. Before many years had passed, however, he repudiated Schopenhauer as a man who had set all things awry. He found that he had simply read himself into the writings of that philosopher; Schopenhauer had been a mere cipher for Nietzsche. And, alas, the same proved true of Wagner. The disillusionment came with the "Götterdämmerung," and most of all with "Parsifal"—Wagner turned pious, Wagner become Christian! And so he broke with his best, almost his only friend, in pain and anguish it is true, but brutally. Honesty, sincerity, what he called "intellectual cleanliness," was his dominant trait, and he must be true to himself, be himself, no matter what the cost; there could be no compromise; and the cost was, Nietzsche left all alone—Nietzsche *contra mundum*, Nietzsche *contra* Christendom.

At the unusually early age of twenty-four he was called to a professorship at the University of Basel, where we find him writing works on philology as "thrilling as a Parisian novel," as his former teacher Ritschl is said to have characterized them. But he chafed under the limitations of academic life, and before long sickness, the after effects of an illness contracted in the Franco-Prussian War, brought the desired release. He was forced to resign, and in 1879, at the age of thirty-five, he became a pensioner, and for the next ten years was a wanderer, going from place to place in search of health, spending most of his time in Italy and in the upper Engadine, and leading a life of great frugality on an income that was never more than a thousand dollars a year. His suffering was intense and prolonged, as much as two hundred days in one year, we are told, of pure pain. And toward the end he was almost blind. But his energy, both physical and mental, was unabated.

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This was the most prolific part of his career. Volume followed volume. The words poured from his pen; he wrote as one inspired. And in all these volumes there is not one word of complaining or of self pity. The publications of this period include such titles as "The Joyful Wisdom," "The Dawn of Day," "The Will to Power," and the triumphant "Zarathustra." The story is told of the stoic slave Epictetus that one day his cruel master was torturing him, twisting his leg, and that Epictetus calmly said to him, "If you go any further you will break my leg." And when his master did go further, and the leg was broken, he looked up at him and smiled as he said, "I told you you would." Nietzsche's stoicism is of a purer water. He suffered much from the "bludgeonings of fate," but his head however bloody was always "unbowed." In fact, like his own hero, he never appears "more proud, more martial, more happy, than when the storm is brewing." He fairly welcomes pain.

> Suffering is inevitable to the higher life; everything worth while is born in travail. Pain is man's best self-preservative; it protects him from smug ease, and fills him with disgust for that kind of happiness. The hidden masterful something, that tyrant in us that holds us to our task, creative activity, the ideal of supermen, brings the cheerfulness that is necessary to overcome despair.

"How little," he exclaims, "How little you know of the happiness of man, you comfortable good-natured ones." Nietzsche was indeed singularly able to detach himself from his own feelings, and to view his own suffering objectively, as part of the game of life, part of the cosmic tragedy which the strong man could always look down upon with laughter in his voice and a song on his lips.

It is surprising in how many ways Nietzsche has anticipated views generally regarded as ultra-modern. The fundamental conflict between the morality of sympathy and the ruthless ways of nature, which Huxley emphasized in his famous Romanes lecture, may be said to supply one of the basic tenets of his philosophy. He is, largely because of the recognition of this conflict, an ardent advocate of eugenics, with perhaps a clearer vision of what this implies than most of its modern defenders. He has given an excellent exposition of the pragmatic theory of truth. But while maintaining that what is useful in the way of belief is what passes and must pass for truth, he thinks that the word "true" as applied to such beliefs is merely an adjective of approval that our vanity supplies,—which is perhaps no more than our American pragmatist meant by saying that there is no such thing as Truth with a capital T; there are only "truths." He is in many ways a Freudian before Freud, recognizing the importance of sex, the menace of repression, and the significance and the possibilities of sublimation. He has anticipated the behaviorist too, contradictions and all, as any number of passages attest. Stimulus and response, the conditioned reflex—all is here save the lingo. The soul is body; body and physiology are our starting point; the soul, as other than the body, consciousness, will, etc., does not exist—although he, like the modern behaviorist, finds it necessary often to speak as if it did. "Elementary, my dear Watson," elementary and obvious are the simple conclusions that you so elaborately establish by the torturing of dogs. Here in these pages speaks your master, who has given behaviorism a cosmic sweep. In short, it may be said without exaggeration that nearly every form of contemporary irrationalism is anticipated in the writings of Nietzsche.

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But these things are largely by-products. His central and dominating thought may be thus briefly summarized. This is a wild world in which we live, game flavored, and beset with danger. It is not a rational, still less a divine order. There is no abiding reality hidden behind the appearances in which one can take refuge from the storm. The appearances *are* the reality. Things are as they appear. All things are in ceaseless flux. It is a world of becoming, not of being. Science, like art, merely creates fictions which enable us to lay hold upon this ever-changing world and steer our bark through the rapids. All living things, and most of all human beings are urged forward in the course of evolution not by the struggle for existence (mere existence is cheap and easily secured and therefore contemptible) but by the will to power, to mastery, to creative activity. The determining factor in evolution, for man at least, is therefore not adaptation to environment—that implies yielding and surrender—but rather the conquering of environment and the preparing of the way for him that shall surpass man.

The will to power, the vital force, rich and inexhaustible, Nietzsche links with the conception of the Greek god Dionysus, appropriately symbolized in the satyr—"half goat, half god," the latter because the will to power is boundless in its demands, the former because it is held down to earth, housed in the beast. And so life greatly lived is always tragedy. Schopenhauer had taught that the restless will is ever seeking a goal which it can never find, and is therefore doomed to perpetual discontent; that every satisfaction proves to be but a momentary resting place on the weary journey; that life is void of worth and meaning because it is the manifestation of a will ever tormented by illusion, and that the aim should be renunciation of the will to live, annihilation, Nirvana. But after Schopenhauer came Darwin, and reading both of these men through the eyes of Æschylus, Nietzsche discovers the cheerfulness that triumphs in and through pessimism. Æschylus did not view the tragedies which were his themes as problems requiring or admitting of solution. His heroes were caught in the toils of fate, of *moira*, but grandly they suffered. He shows us how to face the questionable, the terrible, without flinching, and to rejoice in our power to do so.

So, for Nietzsche, we are caught in the toils of destiny, the restless will to power is never satisfied, life for the individual is tragedy. But evolution has taught us to view life as the story of growth, of power more and more concentrated in the individual. Life becomes itself the goal of life just because the restless will is never satisfied and because it can view every achievement as a stepping stone to a next higher level of power. One can, therefore, enter with zest into the game of life, knowing that nothing is dispensable, learning to view the necessary as the beautiful, and to laugh at all tragedies whether on the stage or in real life. Let one look forward rather than backward, live for the children-land rather than the fatherland, and then he can cheerfully say with Nietzsche, "Myself I sacrifice to my love"—that is to superman, to the greater man that is to be—"and my neighbor as myself." One should desire to live, not safely and comfortably, but dangerously. The world was not made for man, so, of course, life is tragic. The test of a man's strength is his ability to face the facts as they are, in all their ruthlessness and cruelty, and still say, "Yea, I would not have it otherwise. It is a great tragedy; let us have it over again." And we shall have it over again in all its detail, for "eternal recurrence" is the law of destiny.

Superman is not a fixed and determinate goal of evolution, but rather an expression for the fact that no such goal is necessary. He is simply the next step in the development beyond that which humanity has already achieved. Nietzsche has painted his own conception of superman in the character of Zarathustra, and has himself sat for the portrait. It is, for all its grandeur, a terrifying picture, this proud, lonely, loveless being whose only companions are the eagle and the serpent, and whose very laughter makes you want to weep.

The practical application of this philosophy, the so-called transvaluation of values, is found in the exaltation of all that makes for strength and power, for the ascending scale of life. Healthy instincts are here a safer guide than reason. Nietzsche's "immoralism" is a return to the pagan virtues, what he calls hero-morality,—the glorification of the strong, the proud, the masterful— and the abandonment of the Christian virtues of humility, sympathy, altruism. These latter the weak have made into virtues for their own protection in their weakness. In modern phrasing they are the defense reaction of the weak and have their origin in an inferiority complex.

The hero-virtues, are, to be sure, for the elect, the few, the favored, the aristocrats. The doctrine of human equality came in with Christianity and must go out with it. Nietzsche would emphasize the interval between men. Democracy is anathema. The weak must be content to be used up in the interest of the strong. "Ancient civilization perished because it rested on slavery," he writes, "our own will perish because it does not." The many, the weak, will, of course, still cling to their Christian virtues, and it is well for the elect that they should; otherwise they would arise in their combined strength and rend them—a view which one of his admirers strangely enough refers to as evidence of Nietzsche's tolerant attitude toward Christianity! Macchiavellian would be a more accurate term, for this view is strikingly reminiscent of that wily Florentine's advice to his "Prince." No less strange and fantastic is the suggestion of the editor of these volumes that Nietzsche represents the triumph of the spirit of Judaism over that of Christianity. (He actually welcomes Nietzsche as the Christian prodigal son returned at last to the Jewish fold.)

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Nietzsche is at his worst when he goes "philosophising with a hammer," as he expresses it. He loses all sense of proportion with his wholesale and sweeping condemnation of persons, nations, institutions, and systems. How he hates the Germans, and how he struggles to discover, or invent, a Polish ancestry for himself along the paternal line in order to blot out the German taint; and how unfair he is in his criticisms! How he hates the English, and the Americans too! But most of all does he hate democracy and Christianity. It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that he gives a mere travesty of Christianity. There is, in fact, a whole realm of values to which he was totally blind and they are the distinctive human values, which have indeed been stressed in Christian civilization even if they did not have their origin wholly in Christianity. These are positive values too, values that make for strength and power, but a kind of strength and power of which he never knew the meaning, never could know the meaning because of the abnormal life that he led—a man without a country, without family, without children, almost without a friend.

It were a waste of time to call attention to the contradictions in Nietzsche's teachings which are many and manifest, or to demand logical proofs of

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one who has but scorn for the mere "logicizing intellect." Nietzsche *scents* error, illusion, and corruption; he *hears* the doctrine he proclaims; taste is his guide. "The only justification of the universe" he writes, "is æsthetic;" and, we may add, the only justification of Nietzsche is æsthetic. It is from this point of view that his work must be judged. He is above all an artist, a poet, a pagan poet, perhaps the greatest pagan poet of Christendom, greatest because most completely and most honestly pagan. Reading Nietzsche is like visiting a strange land, a land as strange and remote from the home-land as could well be conceived. It is as if one should take a voyage to Mars and discover a Martian civilization and culture that sets our own on end.

It is a stimulating and enlightening experience, and one that plays havoc with our complacencies. But to suppose that he has solved our problems, that in the words of the publisher's somewhat flamboyant advertisement "he stands alone as the necessary teacher, the indispensable signpost, the requisite beacon in this hour of need," is little short of ridiculous. I delight in reading Nietzsche, but I cannot stand the Nietzscheans. In them one finds the bad manners, the blasphemies, the impudences, the egotism, without the creative genius to support them. There is, indeed, a contradiction in the very idea of Nietzscheans. Certainly they are not Nietzscheans who merely echo Nietzsche's views, or who look up to him as a savior who has discovered a new gospel for the salvation of mankind,—this man who would "rather be a satyr than a saint," and who had but contempt for *mankind*. If you think you are a Nietzschean, here are some of the tests that you must meet and vanquish with approval. Have you abjured luxury, comfort, ease; do you live austerely; are you hard to others, and most of all to yourself; are you inured to the severest discipline; can you find cheerfulness in the face of life's tragedies even when you are yourself the victim of fate; are you, moreover, a creator of values? If you cannot meet these tests you are a sham and an impostor, merely one of "Zarathustra's apes," as Nietzsche has scornfully dubbed you. The truth is Nietzsche was born to stand alone. Nature broke the mould. Napoleon and Voltaire might perhaps pass as his first cousins; and Macchiavelli, Caesar Borgia, and Bernard Shaw as cousins once removed.

* * *

A voyage to Nietzsche-land is good for everyone who is venturesome and has the stomach for it, and is mature enough and wise enough to visit this land without catching either Nietzschephobia or Nietzschemania. First of all, I would recommend this voyage to the preachers. I have been told that Nietzsche's best readers in Germany today are the Lutheran ministers. That is as it should be. I would send the liberal ones, knowing that they would come back more alert to the ruts and pitfalls in their path, and prepared to preach a more virile and muscular and courageous gospel; and I would send the fundamentalists, who shudder at the thought of evolution, in order that they might discover what a real shock is. Then I would send our younger writers who have lately been taking up the cudgels for the discontented and aspiring souls who feel crushed by their environment; they would discover that the real source of this discontent is a Dionysian urge that sends the victim forward chafing at every restraint on his freedom and independence; they would learn that Main Street dominates every city, and that New York or Paris is just a Gopher Prairie on a larger scale, more complex, more confusing, and more noisy, but just as banal, just as much terrorized by stupidities and driven by the herd instincts,—only there are many herds in the large city, and they differ in the color of their pelts and the fashion of their horns. I would suggest that one of these authors write a novel in which he takes his hero from the small town through the disillusionment of the great city and finally up onto the heights where, his independence finally achieved, he sits on Zarathustra's throne. Let him sing, and laugh, and dance, let him suffer and rejoice as he looks down upon the tragedies of mankind. Then trace his subsequent fate. And I would send the editor of the dollar soothsayer series which is so rapidly growing, wherein sundry wise men undertake to tell the fortune of mankind, the air of mystery that is supposed to vouchsafe the gift of prophesy being secured, not by Turkish dress or gypsy garb and the use of broken English, but

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Against Man's Automatism

THE PLUMED SERPENT. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant

WITH the gesture of a poet necromancer, Lawrence summons Mexico—as he lately summoned New Zealand and Australia—out of the vasty cosmos. What other writer of our age has such power to enclose a country in the covers of a book; to give to a novel the sweep of a giant painted panorama, and, at the same time, to lend it the sharp visibility of an engraving? Thanks to his delicate and penetrating curiosity, his cold and subtle observation we see every twig and flower, lake and mountain on which the author's eye falls; every human and animal being not only in its own arid Mexican light and atmosphere but also—here perhaps is Lawrence's most original contribution to literature—in its own inevitable growth relation to the earth it sprang from. And yet the objective truth of the picture, for all its accurate and acid bite, does not move or convince. The persons of the tale are indifferent to us, their destinies are without meaning except as they bear on the haunting subjective consciousness that underlies the flow and the imagery, the consciousness of a great lost Englishman, engaged in a tragic war with his own sources of life, and a febrile search for an elusive mystery.

General P. N. Krassnoff
Author of "From Double Eagle to Red Flag."
(See Review on Page 738)

"Something about the country irritated her and put her into such a violent anger she felt she would die. Burning, furious rage." So speaks D. H. L. through Kate Leslie, his mouthpiece. "The Plumed Serpent" seems to have been spewed out in a rage. It is a book of hate, tense, parched, unsatisfied, full of a deep rancor and unrest. Mexico, with its frustrated races and metallic brilliance, was to Lawrence a sort of poisoned cup that he had to drink, in the compulsive hope of its assuaging that gnawing discontent with the world as it is, that growing loneliness on any continent or clime, that insistent demand for a cosmic-phallic solution of existence, where the dominance of the male shall be once for all established over the unmanageable female, that we have noted in the later novels. These trends, which seem to be turning a great English novelist into an international wanderer and psycho-mystic, the revolt against the automatism of man, find symbolic or overt expression in "The Plumed Serpent." They lead us, like sign posts, to a cult fabricated by Lawrence's imagination to recreate the ancient Indian Mexico of power, mystery, "blood nobility," and blood sacrifice; a kind of pure Aztec Mexico, purged of its Spanish Christian saints and twentieth century realities, and heralded by a long series of resonant "Hymns."

Irish Kate goes to Mexico City with a cousin named Owen, and his friend Villiers—literary Americans not unrecognizable to the initiate. The two, neatly stabbed by Lawrence's malicious pen, vanish, and the book is Kate's experience, her vision. Kate had come to Mexico "because the flow of her life was broken, and she could not re-start it in Europe." In Europe, "she had heard the *consummatum est* of her own spirit. It was finished, in a kind of death agony." This Mexico, "heavy continent of dark-hued death," "lay in her destiny almost as a doom . . . like the folds of some huge serpent, that seems as if it could hardly raise itself." Its people with "a heavy black Mexican fatality that put a burden on her." The country with its "underdrift of squalor and heavy, reptile-like evil"—images repeated till one can hardly bear the weight. Twice married and widowed, forty, Kate is beyond the ordinary human desires. Yet a battle rages between her and "the powerful degenerate thing called life, wrapping one or other of its tentacles around her." She wanted silence but "the silence of other unfolded souls around her like a perfume." . . . "And in the horror and climax of death rattles which is Mexico, she thought she could see it in the black eyes of Indians."

What Kate saw, heard, felt, experienced of Indians is the real fascination of this book. Mysteries more referable to Lawrence's observation among the Pueblos, than to any study of ancient Mexico. The Plumed Serpent adds little to our scientific understanding of the "middle American" culture, which is preoccupying our archæologists. Lawrence's knowledge is intuitive. But he has looked and listened to red men. Marvellous descriptions there are of the thudding drum, "touching the sensitive membrane of the night subtly"; "like a pulse inside a stone, beating." And this, of Indian singing: "in the innermost far-off place of the human core, the ever present, where there is neither hope nor emotion, but passion sits with folded wings on the nest, and faith is a tree of shadow."

So Kate, though she has noted that when white men and Indian meet, their eyes avoid contact, leaving a wide space of neutral territory, goes to meet Don Ramon, the deified Quetzalcoatl, the blood-sacrificing pagan messiah who, declaring that "the universe is a nest of dragons with a perfectly unfathomable life mystery in the centre of it," seems another embodiment of the author. In the robe of a goddess, she yields to Cipriano, the little Indian general, also deified, and enters with the most clearly emphasized sensations, "the world of shadows and dark prostration, with the phallic wind rushing through the dark."

What is chaos, my love (wrote the poet Lawrence)
It is not freedom,
A disarray of falling stars coming to nought.

What is a Quetzalcoatl created by a *tour de force*, out of the empty dominance of the superman, the primitive longing of the sophisticated? Though woman lies prone at last and kisses the soles of the feet of the god-male, the stars still fall and flicker into darkness.

It would be interesting to know whether, in twenty years, Lawrence will be known as the author of "Sons and Lovers," and of "The Sea and Sardinia," both of which today seem to mark him as a great creative writer dealing with human nature and human environment, or whether his more subjective searchings into what lies below and above human life and geography, his attempt to bring to the surface what has been buried or taboo may prove to be his finest imaginative gift. Certainly this "thing called Life," which Kate disposes of as "just an idea we have had in our own minds" will not yet let Lawrence lose himself altogether in the heart of a mystery, physical or metaphysical. It reminds Kate Leslie, in the midst of "the great death continent, America," of "the black-thorn puffing white, in the early year, in Ireland, and hawthorn with coral grains, in a damp still morning in the lanes." So the reader, feeling a warmth steal about his heart again, casts off not America, but Lawrence's metallic conception of it, and recognizes that this book is less a picture of Mexico than an almost demented state of homesickness.

Joseph Conrad died in the little village of Bishopsbourne near Canterbury on August 3rd, 1924. He had lived there since 1919. There should be a suitable memorial to him in this village. The plan now is an addition to the present Village-hall (in the construction of which Conrad took great interest), of a bowling green for the Village, and of a wide porch, or loggia, with comfortable wooden seats for the general use of Bishopsbourne people.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received by the secretary, Canon Ashton Gwatkin, Bishopsbourne Rectory, Canterbury, England.

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Secured for Sea

LAST ESSAYS. By JOSEPH CONRAD. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by CAPT. FELIX RIESENBERG
Author of "Vignettes of the Sea"

WHEN an offshore ship finally breaks mooring and the anchor is aweigh, certain things must be done. The cable is hove in, the anchor is sighted, the cat is hooked and the anchor is lifted to the cat head; the ring stopper is passed, the fish is hooked and the great flukes are hove in over the bill board and stoppered with a shank painter. Then we secure every thing for sea. A long voyage is ahead and the ship must be seaworthy if she is to fetch her final destination, whatever that may be.

In these last essays, Conrad's publishers have hove in the last few fathoms of his writings, and the list of his work is secure and in order for the long voyage he is now making. To praise Joseph Conrad is no longer news, in fact the suspicion creeps in that timid people may be ready to reflect the glamor of his praise while fearing to investigate conditions for themselves. They may even go to see "Lord Jim" in the movies," "to get a line on him."

"Last Essays" are advised as "first reading" for Conrad. He takes you along, by easy watches, to ships, and among men, and about the world he visualized as a boy scanning the pages of a geography published in 1852, when "The heart of its Africa was white and big." He studied maps of the dark land and dreamed of lakes he later on was to see. This faculty of search into the shadows leads him to the remark, "As a bit of prophetic practice it was not bad for me."

This book abounds in a wealth of interesting information about Conrad, largely because he had no intention whatever of engaging in explanations. As the papers are often casual, called forth by differing occasions, he seems to have set down answers to his own questioning.

Conrad is now subject to a sort of perpetual Board of Inquiry. What its findings will be remains to be seen, but books will be written about him, books he would probably be unable to understand.

He was a sailor, a fervent advocate of sail. In the essay with the fine title "Memorandum—On the Scheme for Fitting Out a Sailing Ship for the Purpose of Perfecting the Training of Merchant Service Officers Belonging to the Port of Liverpool" he has set down the ideal specifications for a training ship. Britain has abandoned her deep sea sailing training. Her answer to this plea is such craft as the *Makala*, a schoolsteamer. Once I met a young man serving as a cadet on this schoolsteamer, a bilious young man who smoked fags.

In this last book is set down his love for Stephen Crane, his prejudices, his enthusiasms, and his scrap of Congo diary.

It is my unreliable opinion that "Last Essays" is one of Joseph Conrad's most interesting books.

Exponents of an Idea

MAN ALONE. By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S novel is large in its proportions and its theme, and striking in some of its scenes and projection of character; but it is fiction, not life. One feels one is reading a story, possessed to be sure of its striking and memorable moments, but nevertheless apart from the world where one lives. Its contacts are artificial, literary. Its force is the force of an idea, not of a vital and touching reality. As you read, you are frequently conscious of its proportions, you are frequently absorbed by the "bigness" of its scenes. But when you have finished, you know it is as hollow as it is big.

The last portion of the book definitely indicates the hollowness. For a long time it gathers strength, setting before you in Thomas Strayton and his son, Torque, though never two human beings, at least two powerful exponents of an idea. Thomas, deserted by his wife when Torque is three, becomes dominated by a rabid belief in the rottenness and badness of all women. In that belief he brings Torque up, and his influence upon his son is great. The book rolls on, acquiring an impact which may ultimately give meaning and conviction to the crisis toward which Torque moves. But when in the next generation the crisis comes, the strength of "Man Alone" has spent itself. The man has not come to life and he meets the situation of his motherless daughter in a fashion not natural, but hopelessly contrived—in a fashion which serves no better end than to prolong the story, and then finish it conventionally.

Torque's ultimate capitulation in the romance between Janie and Ralph Damon is a glaring weakness on the part of Mr. Chamberlain; but as a matter of fact "Man Alone" has taken its slump a hundred pages earlier. The slump comes when he takes the stand which finally necessitates his capitulation; all that is convincing in his attitude toward women ceases with the insane attitude he adopts toward his daughter. Every semblance of life is crushed out of the story by the wild falsification of character and human motives that takes hold of him. Mr. Chamberlain cannot satisfy us afterwards by inferring that he acts from an inhibited love of Janie. Mr. Chamberlain has used all his strength to mold his man, to achieve a lucid and memorable incarnation of an idea; when finally the idea clashes with life, it is sterile. Or so it is made to be. The bigness is attained; the unnatural development of character and action from that point on, shows the hollowness behind it.

One cannot neglect the story's omnipresent background. It pictures sixty years in the craft of glass-blowing. Father and son, from picturesque days when they stand naked breathing on glass to an era of modern methods, are part of the extensive picture, building up a mighty business. Torque's passion is to find a formula for unbreakable glass. It is Ralph Damon who stumbles ultimately upon it, when a living man is accidentally melted with the seething mass in a furnace. This represents one of the numerous striking but unsound moments of the book. The discovery itself you can take for what it is, or as the symbol of the woman Torque is deluded into believing cannot exist. By that time it does not matter much. It is simply a strong moment in a book, far removed from a world where men live and breathe.

Honest But Slap-Dash

SOLDIERS' PAY. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. New York: Boni and Liveright. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by THOMAS BOYD

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S novel, "Soldiers' Pay," is not for people of prosaic minds. From the outset this story of strange humans in the spring of 1919, following the signing of the armistice, is pitched unnaturally high; and as the tale continues it seems as if the author were struggling to break all contacts with the normal world and to vault upward into a sort of esoteric sphere of his own making.

Shorn to its baldest "Soldiers' Pay" tells of a young American aviator, given up for dead by his father, who returns to his north Georgia home badly mutilated and discovers that the girl to whom he is engaged has given herself to a youth who remained in the village during the war. This young aviator is described as having a face so scarred that even gin-drinking flappers faint when forced to gaze upon it. Discharged from an English hospital as incurable, he is on his way back to die on his native heath.

The story begins with three drunken soldiers riding westward in a parlor car after demobilization. One of the former doughboys nonchalantly tries to push another through the window. There is such talk as this: "You wrong me as ever man wronged. Accuse me of hiding mortgage on house? Take this soul and body; take all. Ravish me, big boy." The answer to that is given: "Hark, the sound of battle and the laughing horses draw near. But shall they dull this poor unworthy head? No! But I would like to of seen one of them laughing horses. Must of been lady horses all together. Your extreme highness . . . will you be kind enough to kindly condescend to honor these kind but unworthy strangers in a foreign land?"

At best such *non sequiturs* are amusing, suspiciously reminiscent of the mad dream of Leopold Bloom. They pave the way out of reality and place the action of the story on a shadowy horizon where vivid characterization is unnecessary and background not pertinent.

Thus "Soldiers' Pay" offers the reader a group of vague, abnormally behaving characters who waver uncertainly and fantastically through the story. Donald Mahon, the wounded hero, is described only by his scar. Mrs. Powers, the war widow, comes into the reader's consciousness as "the black woman." Januarius Jones seems like an offshoot of the personality of "stately plump Buck Mulligan" of "Ulysses."

These characters act with an almost delightful lack of responsibility. Meeting Donald Mahon on a train in New York State Mrs. Powers and Joe Gilligan, who evidently have other destinations, decide to accompany the wounded youth to his father's home in Georgia, a jaunt of only about a thousand miles. Staying over one night in a hotel the three live in a strange proximity. This sort of incident is capped only by the behavior of Januarius Jones. Jones, a fat satyr, appears from nowhere on the lawn of Donald Mahon's preacher father. He likes the place, and stays, hurling obscene words at Mahon's fiancée, whom he endeavors to seduce. But in this Jones fails, the girl preferring the village boy with an automobile.

Mr. Faulkner submits to very little government in writing. His impressionistic manner is honest but slap-dash; often he sets down an extraordinarily vivid scene. The book has fervor and strength, but it would be more effective if it were better controlled. So far as the returned soldier is concerned Larry Barreto made a much better job of him in "A Conqueror Passes."

Youth's Merry-Go-Round

ROUNDABOUT. By NANCY HOYT. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by ANNE PARRISH
Author of "The Perennial Bachelor," etc.

"ROUNDABOUT" is a first novel written with the help of those engaging gifts, a seeing eye and a light touch, escaping on the one side the curse of earnestness, and on the other that of "wise-cracking." Much of it has the brightly-colored, amused and amusing naïve naughtiness of a Parisian Sunday far away from the haunts of "iggleef," the Ritz, the Place Vendôme. A quotation from itself, "youth and glamour and tinsel gaiety," could be taken as its own description, but not as a complete description, for it has passages of warm living emotion, and of cool clear-sighted honesty. And not only can Nancy Hoyt see things herself, but she can make her reader see them, from "the soap, a slimy fragment with a dark hair clinging to it," to "pink camellias—surrounded by a frill of cream-colored lace."

She writes of "Society" with a refreshing absence of either reverence or rage. Young men called Pinky or Pom-Pom, whose real names are James Angus Ronald Macnaughton Ferguson-Creighton, Lord Invercauld and Baron of Clyde, or Jacob Ulrich Arnold Nicol Vander Poosen Amerongen Le Monier Deemskirk, Count Arnem, drift through the pages, diplomats kiss hands, and flunkies open doors, as the scenes shift from Paris to Washington, from Washington to New York, but they are taken calmly.

In the midst of a tinsel bouquet the heroine, Denise, is a living flower, a warm, enchanting, ridiculous girl, irresistibly introduced on one of those plunging pink pigs of a Paris merry-go-round, showing too much leg clad in stockings cotton from the knee up. But here, instead of "Lady into Fox," we have Lady into Zoo. She has a bunny upper lip, hair like a chipmunk, and is called by her father white rabbit, rat, mouse, louse, lamb, wretched insect, and wood-tick. The father himself is a police-dog, an angel-lamb, and a great

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growly bear; various young men are Sealyhams, worms, and dirty dogs, and an aunt is an owl, moulting feathers of speech.

In the telling of the absurd and tragic young love affair of Denise of Paris and the beautiful prig John of Boston—it is a triumph, by the way, how you are made to dislike that young man and yet to understand perfectly why Denise loved him—sentimentalism is avoided like the plague, but it floods the portrait of the father of Denise, one of those fiction fathers whose motherless daughters call them by their first names, or refer to them, with capitals, as the Old Man or the Aged Parent. This one, perhaps it will not surprise experienced readers to learn, is named Ian, is an artist, and has an often-expressed hatred of conventional society.

* * *

In the Age of Straight Fronts and Pompadours young ladies used to keep "Memory Books," and "Roundabout" sometimes seem like the Memory Book of a modern Young Lady of Fashion, containing, instead of dance cards and valentines, a sophisticated assortment of swizzle-sticks, Black Narcissus, mascot dolls, *pot de chambres*, Daumier drawings, lipsticks, Tarts (not strawberry) *Cachet Fêvre*, and pretty *poules* who "counted their service stripes in flexible diamond bracelets." Sometimes Nancy Hoyt succumbs to the lure of the list. Charlie, for instance, is described in part as "quite unlike that criterion of elegance, the young guardee, conceived and produced by the combined efforts of Eton, Sandhurst, Hawes and Curtis, Michael Arlen, The Bachelor's, and 'Buck's," but reminds you of a sketch by Roger Boutet de Monvel, "a half-finished *croquis* by Drian, of a cocker spaniel—of a Paul Morand short story, an eighteenth century snuff-box, an eighteen-forty beaver hat and the latest cocktail invented at the Paris Ritz."

But her girls, described in a few "pleasantly malicious" words, are startlingly alive—Pansy Merino with her poise, her *aplomb*, and her long white gloves, Abby Postlethwaite motoring in a white polo coat, with her weather-beaten face and frizzy pale gold hair, Vivienne Hollis with her rouged "dryly coral cheeks," her embroidered white gloves, her talk of 'California" and its "eranges."

"Roundabout" is young, but never crude. It is fun to read. It must have been fun to write.

Gide on Dostoevsky

DOSTOEVSKY. By André Gide. Translated from the French. With an introduction by Arnold Bennett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by Alexander Kaun
University of California

ONE seldom fails to delight in the urbanity and brilliance of the author of "L'Immoraliste," even when one does not agree with his critical judgment. His book on Dostoevsky is based on a series of "causeries" he gave for Jacques Copeau's School of Dramatic Art at the "Vieux Colombier." The English edition contains an introductory note by the author's friend, Arnold Bennett, whose enthusiasm for Gide is coupled by an unexpected admiration for Dostoevsky's genius not only as "a supreme psychologist and narrator, but also as a publicist." Mr. Bennett commends the dictum of Gide that "there never was an author more Russian in the strictest sense of the word and withal so universally European." This quotation, and its tacit commendation, are symptomatic of the growing recognition by western minds of the universality of Dostoevsky's appeal. The western world has been slow and wavering in granting this recognition. In fact, the war fatigue has produced a tendency to disparage the morbid introspection of Dostoevsky on the part of such "healthy" hedonists as H. L. Mencken or such facile gallicists as Clive Bell. It is therefore significant to hear such a representative westerner as Gide assure us that "the rallying of individual energies [to Dostoevsky] is at work now throughout Europe, slowly, mysteriously, almost chiefly in Germany . . . in France, too, where the rising generation recognizes and appreciates, better than that of M. de Vogüé, his strength. The hidden reasons which delayed his success will be the builders of a more enduring fame." It is a pity that the English edition does not contain the suavely sarcastic passages of the original concerning M. de Vogüé's fastidious attitude toward Dostoevsky. This omission prevents the reader from an immediate comparison of the judgment of these spokesmen of two successive generations for the realization of "the progress made by western Europe in the appreciation of Russian psychology," in the words of Mr. Arnold Bennett.

For in the indication of this progress lies the chief value of Gide's book. As an analysis of Dostoevsky's work it adds precious little to the Russian and German critiques, or to that best book on the subject in the English language, by Janko Lavrin. To be sure Gide eclipses his predecessors by his intrinsic French clarity and sense of measure and proper emphasis; as a result his portrait of Dostoevsky is the most poignant and unblurred in the voluminous literature on this ungrateful sitter. The most important thing about Gide is that he approaches Dostoevsky as a western European, making no attempt at assuming a Russian mode of thinking and feeling, which has been alleged to be the only successful approach. Gide gauges Dostoevsky and makes us visualize his chaos by employing the comparative method and drawing parallels with western literature. Against a background of contrasts and similarities the personality of Dostoevsky stands out in relief, and becomes accessible to the reader who is wont to use his western yardstick. When Gide tells us that Dostoevsky, Nietzsche, Blake, and Browning are "four stars of a single constellation," and proceeds to illustrate his point, we are on familiar ground, even if we find the comparison at times strained, as in the case of Blake's "Marriage of Heaven and Hell." We are accustomed to link Nietzsche with Dostoevsky, of whom the author of "Zarathustra" said: "Dostoevsky is the only psychologist from whom I had anything to learn." Gide dwells on this affinity, but he adds a profound analysis of the contrast between the two thinkers' conception of the superman: "Nietzsche advocates the affirmation of personality . . . Dostoevsky postulates its surrender. Nietzsche presupposes the heights of achievement where Dostoevsky prophesies utter ruin."

* * *

The "formlessness" and indistinctness of Dostoevsky's characters are emphasized by Gide as the Russian's main difference from western writers, even from Tolstoy. Speaking of Dickens, Gide explains the "secret of his popularity" by his simple, "childish" in fact, method of classifying his types into just and wicked, as in Fra Angelico's "Last Judgment." Essentially similar is his judgment of Balzac, when he compares his pen to the brush of David, and Dostoevsky's to that of Rembrandt. The difference between the novels of Dostoevsky and those of Lesage, Voltaire, Fielding, Smollett, even of Tolstoy and Stendhal, is to Gide the difference between a picture and a panorama.

> In a novel of Stendhal, or of Tolstoy [the English version is here misleading], the light is constant, steady, and well-diffused. Every object is lit in the same way, and is visible equally well from all angles; there are no shadow effects. But in Dostoevsky's books, as in a Rembrandt portrait, the shadows are essential.

Gide proceeds to analyze the Frenchman's worship of logic, form, consistency, his endeavor to reduce life and human experience to neat formulas, his concern with stylization. The formless, or the not yet formed, is eschewed, and this is why Gide finds no adequate child portraiture in French literature. The French, or rather one might say, the western mind, when faced with complexity or chaos, strives to introduce organization, clarity, to bridge gulfs and fill in abysses. "At need we force things a trifle," admits Jacques Rivière, Gide's collaborator in the *Nouvelle Revue Francaise*. Dostoevsky, on the contrary, revels in chaos, turmoil, and confusion. Complexity is his natural element, and he makes no attempt at simplifying or shaping matters, but rather accentuates inconsequences and inner contradictions. Unlike Dickens' characters, those of Dostoevsky defy classification, for they are simultaneously possessed of God and Satan. André Gide is one of the few western critics to have observed that Dostoevsky's contradictory characters are not merely cases of "bovarysm," of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, but are single personalities with simultaneously coexisting pluralistic selves. In the light of modern psychology Dostoevsky appears a deep realist, a knower of our hidden self, a revealer of the most wonderful adventures, conflicts, and battles of the human mind. Will the western man accept Dostoevsky, or will he continue to prefer the comforting film of just-a-trifle-forced logic and stylization?

Poincaré's Counterstroke

AU SERVICE DE LA FRANCE, NEUF ANNÉES DE SOUVENIRS. By Raymond Poincare. Paris: Librairie Plon, Plon-Nourrit et Cie. 1926.

Reviewed by Archibald Cary Coolidge
Harvard University

IN the days when people were more familiar with the Bible than they are now, everyone had heard of the "desire . . . that mine adversary had written a book." Mr. Raymond Poincaré's adversaries, both in and out of France, have written many books, not to speak of countless magazine articles and a still vaster number of newspaper ones. Today Mr. Poincaré is writing a book in his turn. The first two volumes have already appeared. Rumor has it that there will be ten before he is done and that arrangements have been made for an English edition. Mr. Poincaré is not afraid of his adversaries, he is not that kind. If he has kept quiet while a whole school of writers have been describing him as the villain to whom they attribute the chief guilt for the World War, it has not been because he was cowed by the storm. When he was prime minister, he was too busy to indulge in historical polemics. Since his fall, he has evidently been gathering and arranging his material to answer back. Now he is ready and is letting drive.

To judge by his first two volumes, there is nothing apologetic about his attitude. To be sure, there are things he has left unsaid, but he is not evasive. He does not dodge the charges that have been brought against him, on the contrary he repeatedly cites Siebert, the *Livre Noir*, and Stieve, the great storehouses which have furnished so much ammunition to his detractors. He steps on Mr. Judet again and again until one can almost hear the squeaks from under his foot. He devotes a few pages to Victor Marguerite from whom he quotes a number of letters which can hardly be pleasant reading for that gentleman. He is not trying to conciliate his enemies and must be prepared for an outburst of furious replies which we suspect will not trouble him greatly.

Yet vigorous and polemical as the book is, it is not disfigured by unseemly violence, there is no mouthing or ranting. Mr. Poincaré goes straight ahead on his course smiting to the right and to the left when the occasion demands, but maintaining, as he always has maintained, his own dignity. It is true he does not mind repeating compliments he has received, and foreigners at least will not be thrilled by some of the extracts from his speeches which he has reprinted for our benefit, but after all a man who has been so savagely abused may be forgiven if he quotes a few nice things that have been said to him and takes satisfaction in the good ones he has said himself. He is also not ungenerous in his estimate of others. He has warm words of appreciation for his friends, including some who could hardly have been called that at a later date. Although he is frank in his dislike of the Germans, or at least of their rulers, his tone about them is generally moderate. Of the English he speaks as friends with whom he was always anxious to coöperate as closely as possible, and he admires Sir Edward Grey. He likewise praises his Russian allies, but here he makes more reservations; for instance, though in the main he thinks well of Sasonov, he is sharp in his criticisms of Isvolski, whom he neither liked nor trusted.

* * *

Mr. Poincaré's memoirs begin with March, 1912, when he came into power after the fall of the Caillaux ministry. Thenceforth his story is that of his policy and aims as prime minister, the difficulties he had to meet and the way he confronted them. His purpose is to prove that the main object of his efforts throughout was to preserve peace. The international situation he had to face was perilous and complicated. During the first half of the year, the war between Italy and Turkey over Tripoli threatened to reopen, as indeed it ultimately did reopen, the whole Eastern Question. Foreign affairs everywhere required the most delicate handling. Mr. Poincaré, by the way, passes rather too lightly over the dispute due to the seizure of French steamers by the Italians and the fact that the stiffness of his attitude on this occasion, though immediately successful in obtaining compliance with his demands, produced deep resentment in Italy and helped to

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bring about the renewal of the Triple Alliance.

But the Tripolitan war was soon thrown into the background and presently brought to an end by the conflict in the Balkans, which forced the Turks to yield to the Italians so as to meet the storm nearer home which suddenly burst upon them. Mr. Poincaré confirms what we knew before that he was far from pleased at the way Russia kept France in the dark in regard to the creation and objects of the Balkan League. We can believe, too, that in consonance with his character he expressed his discontent with some frankness. He tried in vain to prevent the war, and later did his best to keep it from spreading, but he found his Russian partners difficult to handle, not to speak of the triumphant and somewhat intoxicated league and the angry and aggressive Austrians. His second volume, whose appropriate subtitle is "Les Balkans en Feu," ends with the close of the year 1912, just after his visit to Russia, from which he brought back mixed impressions.

* * *

The story of these events, narrated with directness and competence by one of the leading figures, makes interesting reading. From the first to the last page of the work so far as it has appeared—and this will doubtless be true of volumes to come—it deals with controverted questions which have aroused fierce passions and provoked bitter dispute. Mr. Poincaré has added fresh fuel to the fire. His statements will continually be challenged, his motives impugned, the old charges with new embellishments will be hurled against him. He has already said enough to supply the *Kriegsschuldfrage*, the German magazine whose sole object is to discuss the war guilt, with material to keep it going for months, and the further he proceeds with his memoirs, the busier he will keep it, for he knows whereof he speaks. He is indeed well armed for the conflict, as besides being familiar with literature of the subject, he can draw on his own intimate personal knowledge and recollections and at least to some extent on the French archives, for he quotes them more than once. He has, too, a power of clear incisive statement with here and there more humor than one would expect from a person generally regarded as so serious. The result is a notable book. Even though it defends many of the same policies, it is very different in character from Lord Grey's for the two men are little alike; there is far less human appeal but more concrete fact. The one man has had few enemies, the other many, but both have served their countries according to their lights with single-minded patriotism, and it is well that they have raised their voices and told the tale they had to tell.

The Mexican Problem

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO. By J. Fred Rippy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by Carleton Beals
Author of "Mexico: An Interpretation"

MAY Dr. Rippy's book, "The United States and Mexico," never fall into the hands of the eminent directors of our foreign policy! Our statesmen would be made so cynical by this picture of a century of "American benevolence and greed" that they would launch an overnight invasion of Mexican territory. Dr. Rippy's carefully documented study of the mazes of intrigue, deceit, hypocrisy, idealistic rationalization, selfishness, and political debauchery that have featured our dealings with Mexico for nearly ten decades, leads one to the melancholy conclusion that, with the notable exceptions of Mr. Foster and Mr. Fletcher, most of the other official American representatives in Mexico have been gentlemen scoundrels, weak on spelling but strong on adjectives, who have meddled incessantly in Mexican internal politics, who have tried to grab rich concessions, who have pressed every sort of illegitimate (and legitimate) claim, who at times have been willing to resort to official bribery, who have persistently schemed for territorial dismemberment—indefatigable troublemakers. Why the Stars and Stripes are not waving blithely all down the Sierra Madres to Panama is difficult to explain. Here is a sample of official communication (Ambassador Forsyth to our State Department, April 15, 1858):

> You want Sonora? The American blood spilled near its line would justify you in seizing it. . . . You want other territory? Send me the power to make an ultimate demand for the several millions Mexico owes our people for spoliations and personal wrongs. . . . You want the Tehuantepec transit? Say to Mexico, "Nature has placed the shortest highway between the two oceans, so necessary to the commerce of the world, in your keeping. You will not open it yourself nor allow others to open it to the wants of mankind. You cannot be permitted to act the dog in the manger. . . . Give us what we ask for in return for the manifest benefits we propose to confer upon you for it, or we will take it."

These sentiments are typical. The fulminations of the Young American society during the post-Mexican war period were mild compared to the present-day demands of Doheny, Fall, Blair, and Guy Stevens, but gave our diplomatic representatives a most reckless psychology. Gadsden's insistence upon the sale of an immense frontier area to the United States, coupled with the threat of a "repetition of Texan history in the six border states including South (Lower) California," puts the twenty-one demands of Japan upon China into the Sunday School class.

But after the Civil War, from the time of Díaz on, economic expansion, Dr. Rippy shows, gathered such momentum that it had no time to wait upon preliminary territorial annexations, which would, in fact, have blocked the rapid easy securing of concessions from a government more generous than our own. It is only in the past decade that the territorial annexation motive again emerges, when we again hear talk of the purchase or annexation of Lower California, the alienation of Yucatán, or the complete dismemberment of Mexico *à la* the Cavour-artichoke-leaf-by-leaf method.

* * *

In tracing these developments, the author is, perhaps, too mild with Poinsett, our first meddling *persona non grata* minister; he makes no real mention of the scandalous affair of the United States Banking Company and the Pan-American Railroad with which Ambassador Thompson was so notoriously involved; nor does he deal with the crass machinations of Henry Lane Wilson. On the other hand he is not generous enough to Mr. Foster and Mr. Fletcher. Nor in his summary of the fundamental factors operating toward the shaping of American-Mexican relations does he place sufficient emphasis upon the radical differences between the two nations in race and in political and religious heritage; nor does he clarify the setting with reference to the larger picture of Latin America of which Mexico is a part, which is annually of increasing importance, and the relations with which as a whole are constantly overshadowing our specialized relations with Mexico.

Dr. Rippy would have done better to have ended the book with the close of the Díaz epoch and not have indulged himself in the writing of the two sketchy biased chapters dealing with the period from 1910-1924, which form a perfect anti-climax to the book, both in manner of treatment and accuracy. The author is so obviously pro-Wilson here, hypnotized by the dead President's "greased sweetness of cabalistic words" and his avowed but hypocritical "hands-off" policy. No recent American Executive has gone so far as did Wilson in meddling with the internal affairs of Mexico; none other has so intrenched Dollar Diplomacy, so accelerated financial expansion, or used our marines and troops so recklessly in Latin American countries. Dr. Rippy narrates the Tampico and Vera Cruz incidents in the stock manner with no revelation of the hidden utilitarian motives; and the Jenkins episode, that so nearly led to intervention, is incorrectly presented. Dr. Rippy condemns the revolutionary leaders for using anti-American sentiment to further their own power at election time. But Wilson did the same, keeping the Pershing expedition on Mexican soil long after its original purpose had evaporated, in order, among other things, to be able to face two ways in the 1916 campaign.

In short, an authentic and documented study of the 1910-24 period with its world-war, petroleum, foreign-property ramifications still remains to be written. Dr. Rippy, if he could free himself from the Wilson myth, would be the man to write it, as is evidenced by the admirable care, impartiality, painstaking accuracy, and stylistic facility that leads distinction to nine-tenths of the present book, "The United States and Mexico," is a permanent, vitally needed contribution to the best literature in English dealing with Mexico. It rises far above the stock paid propaganda, tourist travel books, and burlesque satires on sombreros, bandits, and bull-fighting, and will cause many, not only to rehabilitate their ideas of Mexico, but to conclude that the most serious, enduring, and mayhap tragic problem of our national history may prove to be that of our relations with the post-Aztec republic. If Dr. Rippy's picture is gloomy, it is, on the whole, honestly and fearlessly painted, and his book will remain a lasting source of information for future guidance.

A Panorama of Russia

FROM DOUBLE EAGLE TO RED FLAG. By P. N. Krassnoff. With an introduction by William Gerhardi. (Translated from the second Russian edition by Erik Law-Gisiko). In two volumes. New York: Duffield & Co. 1926. $7.50.

Reviewed by Malcolm W. Davis

THIS is not simply another book about Russia. It is literally a book of Russia, that only a Russian could have written. In the sweeping panorama of this novel, the Empire of the Tsars, the court and the army before the war, the war itself, and then the revolution, the chaotic period of the Provisional Government under Kerensky, the rise of the Soviets and the establishment of the Bolshevist dictatorship, are recreated as they were known by a former Ataman of the Don Cossacks. It is not a special case, but a story from the life of a people. Yet it is more than fiction,—or rather, perhaps, what fiction should aim to achieve, a commentary on life more telling than any other sort of study.

These two volumes offer more than a compelling narrative. They offer a better explanation than ten volumes of political discussion of why things happened as they did in Russia. In the original it caused an immense amount of argument among Russians. But it is less a book to argue about than to receive as one man's account of life as he saw it.

* * *

Much of the material is obviously autobiographical. The hero of General Krassnoff's story is Sablin, and you follow him from his youth as an officer in the Tsar's favorite guard regiment to his death, in the grip of the Soviet secret service, at the hands of his own son. Around him throng an amazing array of the people of Russia,—soldiers and officers, peasants, prostitutes, the Tsar and Tsaritsa and their children, Rasputin the monk and his degenerate followers of the court, Grand Dukes and Duchesses, student revolutionaries and Red Commissars. You are taken to army reviews, carousals, court functions, to the fighting front, to Soviet prisons, to Communist meetings. In the midst is Sablin, always struggling with the mystery of living as he follows his career; and when he is dead, Russia goes on past his body, callous, indifferent, absorbed in its own turbulent and passionate existence of which he has been a victim. The whole of his life is there, in all its fine and gross aspects. His story is told directly without affectation of style, with the naïve Slavic sophistication which accepts and depicts everything.—not in order to shock or sneer, nor in a self-conscious effort to be frank, but because things are as they are. It is a book full of a curious wistful wisdom.

* * *

The explanation of the Russian revolution embodied in it consists less in what it tells of the sufferings of the people than in what it reveals of the minds of their former rulers. Naturally, General Krassnoff sees from the point of view of a Cossack officer; and despite the breadth and depth of the author's thought, to complete the account of Russia we should need another novel from the pen of a peasant soldier. The first part of the book is filled with the spirit that makes monarchy possible; and an American, even if he does not sympathize, gets an insight into the meaning to a devoted subject of the worship of a sovereign. Superficially considered, the conclusion from the book might be taken to be that all the trouble in Russia could have been avoided if the officers had been a little more kind to the soldiers. But an upheaval like the Russian

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revolution can not be attributed easily to the fact that Russian officers used to strike their orderlies or that probably few soldiers in the world ever were more brutally driven than Russian privates. And it is to be doubted whether General Krassnoff intended to suggest such an inference.

* * *

The deeper causes which he exposes are two-fold, —one the real inability of the old superiors to perceive and understand the lives and aspirations of the people, much less to enter into them and advance them, and the other the impulsive and passionate nature of the Russians themselves, a strange blend of mystical idealism and crude sensuality. So comprehended, the movement of life in Russia appears as inevitable as the rising of a tide whipped by a storm. It is so that it is seen through the experience of General Krassnoff's hero.

It is a book for any reader who cares to know what Russia has been and is and is likely to be.

The Great Racine

THE LIFE OF RACINE. By MARY DUCLAUX (A. Mary F. Robinson). New York: Harper and Brothers. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

IT is safe to say that, outside of France, Racine is an author more admired than read. Even the discriminating few who have not taken their Racine merely on trust but have discovered for themselves in his work its subtle and consoling psychology, its ennoblement of passion, its high philosophy, may yet have felt that the author was inferior to his work and in himself a rather uninteresting specimen of his age. This misapprehension will disappear in reading the admirable biography by Madame Duclaux. Both the man and his life reveal the attractive waywardness and inconsistency of genius, with its generosity, impatience, irritability, treachery and loyalty, cowardice and bravery, sensuality and religious aspiration. We see the orphan child stealing away from his Jansenist instructors to read Sophocles and Euripides in the woods of Port Royal, we see the young and famous dramatist, friend of Moliére, La Fontaine, and Boileau, fighting off a sinister clairvoyant from the dying bedside of his superstitious mistress, the actress Du Parc, we are taken in on the cabal against Phèdre and observe the jealous old Corneille in a box gloating over the failure of his rival's greatest work; we watch the dramatist, deserted alike by his public and his second and greater mistress, the actress Champmeslé, creatrix of his leading roles, now turn away from love and ambition to seek his happiness in domestic life and a marriage of convenience.

My father (so ran his son's account) had no passion in his heart so lively as the love of poetry. My mother's indifference to the Muse was such that, in the course of a life spent in the society of poets, she never learned the structure of a verse. She never read, and never went to see, one of her husband's tragedies, and if she knew their titles, it was only from hearing them spoken of in the course of conversation. But a man, though none so impassioned for the movements of the mind, may yet prefer, in a wife, an excellent mistress of his house and mother of his children, rather than a companion enchanted by the same delights.

Later we follow the poet's labors as court historiographer—labors of twenty years utterly destroyed in a fire—his share in the amazing "poison cases" of 1679 when cultivated Paris underwent an epidemic of superstitious terror similar to that of the Salem Witchcraft, his return to drama with the religious plays, "Esther" and "Athalie," his devotion to his teacher, the philosopher Arnauld, in time of persecution, and his resultant final disgrace. A life, like Moliére's, rewarded for inferior work while its noblest efforts—"Phedre" and "Athalie"—went unrecognized; a life torn between devotion to art and a morbid religious sense that art was sinful—his last act was to tear up a copy of his plays which he had been revising; a life too intense to be happy. Surely he was justified in saying, "I have paid the price of death."

The work of Madame Duclaux is charmingly written, clear, and ever-interesting. She threads her way through the religious controversies of the time with lucid impartiality. Although her sympathy with her hero is undisguised, it is tempered with shrewd realism—as in the remark on Racine's eulogy of the departed Corneille—"poets dearly love their rivals—dead."

The Bowling Green

Translations from the Chinese

A RESTAURANT

I thought this place would interest you
Said the Old Mandarin,
Noting her air of quick observation.
Over there, for instance, at that table in the corner,
Is Peter Dunne
And with him, Condé Nast; you know, the publisher.
And yonder, eating corned beef hash,
Theodore Dreiser.
My *dear*, she cried,
Don't distract me with irrelevant trifles!
You see that hat,
The beige one, with divine little crumples
And the brim just a teeny bit wider—
That's the new thing, the absolute ultimatum,
What they'll all be wearing in three months.

* * * *

A POET

We took the baby
(Three years old)
To the beach at Lloyd's Neck.
A cold northern day and the wind was crisping surf on the beach.
She looked at the white foam
And heard its rhyming prosody.
"Snow," she announced.
"Snow saying, Sorrow to come in,
Sorrow to come in."

* * * *

SO PRIKETH HEM NATURE

But you do not know me
Unless you have heard me sing Chaucer to myself
Alone in the vestibule of a subway express.
Then, by God, I surprise myself
(It can only be done alone)
And I know with the artist's cunning
Where to put the pause, where the accent,
Where to bring out his sweet sly tenderness
[*When smalé fowlés maken melodyé*
That slepen all the nyght with open yé
So priketh hem Nature in hir corages]
And then, with wistful dropping cadence:—
Than
longen folk
to goon
on
pilgrimages!
Wonderful wonderful amusing world.
Raquel Meller herself would envy me
If she knew.
No one will ever know.

* * * *

THE NEW MOON FEELING

How is it, by what incalculable instinct,
That now and then, in a clean afternoon,
By some touch of air or slope of twilight,
Without previous thought I say to myself
(And am unerringly right)
It feels as if
There were a New Moon.

* * * *

THE RUMMAGE

Rarely do I believe
All that I am told
Yet there is something delightfully possible
In the story of our village antiquarian
Who says he once bought for 10 cents
At a Parish House Rummage
The copy of *Leaves of Grass*
That Walt signed for William Cullen Bryant.
And he himself
Thinking it of no special value
Gladly sold it for a dollar
To a customer who has disappeared.

* * * *

HUMANI NIHIL ALIENUM

I relish also
The story told me by a little Jew storekeeper
Who lived, in Russia, in the same village with Tolstoy.
And he tells me
That far from admiring Count Lyov
For his humanitarian notion of giving away his property
The cynical peasants despised him for it
And merely concluded
The old boy was cuckoo.

* * * *

A MOMENT

I was happy that evening
Looking over a catalogue
Of objects of art and oddity
Until I found an item:
844. Beer-mug, used at THE PLAYERS
By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.
Suddenly I realized
How dry my throat was.
Lord, what a thirst.

* * * *

AND ANOTHER

I was depressed that morning
Until, in the subway,
I met my first Treasure Trove of the day—
An advertisement with a picture
Of a rugged Norse Viking
Proving his berserk quality by tossing off
A horn of codliver oil.

* * * *

LITERARY NOTE

And also, said the Old Mandarin,
While you are pondering
The antic demeanors of the American Folk,
Wondering whether Anita Loos
Is really greater than Jane Austen,
I suggest that you read
Thomas Beer's *Mauve Decade:*
A book planned with scruple and patience,
A book that has healthy savagery in it.
Its ironies are occasionally just a little brassy
And it will mean less to these younglings
Who never heard of Harry Thurston Peck,
But a book of charm and a book of omen,
A carbolated book
In which he washes out the mouths of some American herdsmen
With straight listerine.

* * * *

PARENTHESIS

But surely, Old Thing, she meditated,
In order to love Brosey Bierce and Stevie Crane
Is it necessary to disembowel
Stevenson and Kipling?
They had their merits.

* * * *

CONSPIRACY

And it was I, alas,
Who discovered what is, I fear, another Infamous Plot
Against Your Native Authors—
That whenever two or three ladies
Start a little highbrow bookshop
They use the name of a famous British writer
As a price-code
Because it has the necessary ten letters
Without any duplicates.
Why wouldn't an American name
Do just as well?
DON MARQUIS
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

* * * *

NORTH OF 59TH STREET

But even the wittiest ironies—
(Murmured the Ageing Mandarin as the dusk came on
And it was time to say goodbye)
Even the wittiest ironies
And the most enchanting exhalations of vinaigrette crystals
Do not carry us all the way.
No, *ma mie*, there are other and more deeply troubled intuitions
And moments that freeze the spine.
It matters not to me if he be Chinaman or Choctaw
If he gives me that thrill;
And when it comes you remember
(And feel shame that you had to remember)
That literature is important
And deals with inexpressible things.
So let me hear you say once more
Those words you learned in France
And say more tenderly than they know how—
Tu m'expliques le voyage.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

In Morocco

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI. By VINCENT SHEEHAN. New York: The Century Co. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by L. H. BOLANDER

TO OPEN a book expecting to find a story told in the baldest newspaper jargon, and to find, instead, the work of a literary artist of no small talent is indeed a pleasant surprise. To find, besides, in the author a man of heroic proportions makes it truly a delightful experience. Such a writer, and such a man Mr. Sheehan proves to be as he recounts his experiences with the fanatical Riffi.

Since recorded history began, the mountain region of northern Morocco known as the Rif has defied all comers. Even the Romans were glad to leave to themselves these vigorous, hard-fighting tribesmen. In 1912 the Spanish were given a sort of subsidiary protectorate over the northern part of this region. When they attempted to extend their administration into the interior the Riffi rose in revolt. Under the leadership of Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim they succeeded in gaining a series of decisive victories over the Spanish, and in establishing a fairly stable government. By the end of 1924 the Spanish had been expelled from the entire region with the exception of the two coast zones at each end of the kingdom.

Early in 1925, before active operations had been started against the French at the South, Mr. Sheehan succeeded in eluding the guards at the Spanish outposts, and entering the forbidden land. Despite considerable difficulties and some very real dangers he succeeded in making his way to the headquarters of Abd el-Krim. Determined to "make out the men and motives involved in this new revolt of Islam," he talked with leading officials, and other important men in the Rif, even securing an interview with Abd el-Krim himself, whose policy it is never to be interviewed. He was also at hand immediately after the capture of the brigand Raisuli, of international fame.

The results of his observations are outlined for us in a fair-minded and non-partisan manner. Though doubtless in sympathy with these people in their struggle for independence, in quoting their statements, he is careful to allow for their tendency to exaggerate events. His portrayal of the characters of the Sultan Abd el-Krim, his ministers, and of his younger brother forms one of the most entertaining features of the book. This younger brother, M'hammed, who is also the leading general of the Riffian forces, appears to be responsible for the diplomacy as well as the military strategy of the entire movement. The elder brother finds his strength less in the actual qualities of the soldier or statesman, than in that hieratic legend he has succeeded in creating about himself.

Though the main body of the work was compiled before the uprising against the French, the introduction was written in December, 1925, after active military operations had practically ceased. Here Mr. Sheehan gives a clear statement of Marshal Lyautey's policy, and of the difficulties of the French position. He contrasts carefully the brilliant success of French colonial policies with the utter failure of Spanish administration in Morocco.

Those of us who have followed the newspaper accounts of the Riffian movement with a feeling of bewilderment will find this book to be distinctly illuminating, and delightfully entertaining as well.

Simpler Honors

AUCTION BRIDGE COMPLETE. By MILTON C. WORK. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 1926. $2.

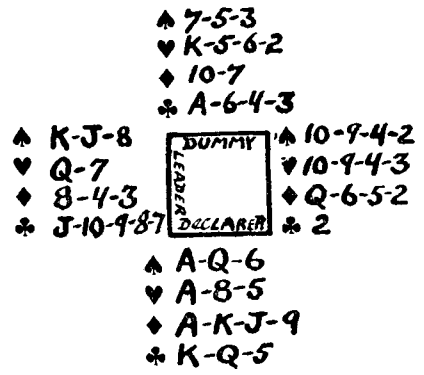
Reviewed by NOBLE A. CATHCART

SEVERAL changes in the rules governing the game of auction bridge were made on April 5th and the ever-increasing number of good bridge players will be interested in reading authoritative opinions on the significance of these changes. Mr. Work enjoys a well-deserved position among the two or three leading exponents of the game and his new book will be a "bible" for thousands of players. May my partners read it!

In addition to a special section devoted to a detailed and understandable explanation of the new laws, there is much valuable discussion of new and important alterations in the conventions of bidding and play. The increasing importance of knowing how and when to bid a four-card suit makes Mr. Work's comment on this feature of the game extremely valuable to the ambitious bridge player.

For the more advanced player Mr. Work presents examples of "elimination" plays, "exiting," and the "Grand Coup." Studying this section of the book cannot fail to improve one's game. It is unfortunate that Mr. Work selected "Elimination Hand No. 9" on page 377. But it gives the reviewer a thrill to catch an expert in even a slight error.

Here is the example:



Declarer should make a small slam, No Trump.

The Key (page 379)

Trick 1: Jack of Clubs led; closed hand wins. Trick 2: Heart Ace led. Trick 3: Heart led, Queen played second hand, Dummy wins with King. Tricks 4-7: Diamonds led, ten first from Dummy, four diamond tricks taken. Trick 8: Heart led, won by Dummy's Jack. Trick 9: Closed hand wins with a Club honor. Trick 10: Dummy wins with Club Ace. The hand on Declarer's right can now be marked with the best Club and two Spades. Trick 11: Dummy leads losing Club.

Error: After trick 10, Mr. Work undoubtedly means the hand on Declarer's *left* not *right* can be marked with the best Club and two Spades. But even this may not be so. This hand may have discarded two Spades on Diamond and Heart leads and therefore have one Spade and two Clubs at the present time. The Declarer does not *know* the Spade is the King. In discarding the Jack of Spades this hand may have false-carded and still hold the Ten. If the Declarer leads a Club from Dummy he makes only five-odd. If he leads a Spade he does not *know* whether to finesse or not. If he trys the finesse he makes only four-odd. If he plays the Ace he realizes he may catch only the Ten from the hand at his left and therefore lose the last two tricks to the King of Spades and the Ten of Hearts. Of course, if he plays the Ace he catches the King and makes the small slam but he doesn't know this before it happens. In other words, Mr. Work's example is based on luck and, therefore, not a good example for his explanation of an "elimination" play.

Ardor of Ascent

THE GLITTERING MOUNTAINS OF CANADA. By J. MONROE THORINGTON. John W. Lea, 1520 North Robinson Street, Philadelphia. 1926. $4.50 net.

THE MOUNTAINS OF YOUTH. By ARNOLD LUNN. Oxford University Press. 1926. $4.25.

THOSE who have ever known nostalgia for the mountains will understand the spirit in which these books were written and will forgive them the welter of detail which can be of interest only to those who have traveled the ways they describe. They are both highly particularized accounts of experiences in climbing, the one of climbing among the alps of America and the other of mountaineering in the actual Alps. Mr. Thorington devotes a considerable part of his space to sections of the Canadian Rockies unvisited by the general traveler even of the climbing ilk, and to careful description of ice-fields and summits first explored by him; he treats also of the regions such as Lake Louise, Banff, or Field familiar to the tourist. Mr. Lunn presents what might be regarded as the biography of a climber, beginning his narrative with an account of expeditions made in his early youth during summer vacations spent in Switzerland and continuing it through the adventures of his maturer years. Both books reflect the ardor and exhilaration which anyone who has made ascents no matter how lowly will be able to match in his own experience.

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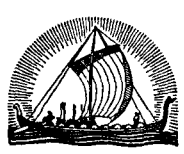

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Important Foreign Books

French Finance

LE BUREAU DES REVERIES. By C. J. GIGNOUX and F. F. LEGUEU. (Paris: Bernard Grasset.)

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

AT a moment when French and, indeed, foreign opinion generally, is concerned with the troubles of French currency this is a book which comes rather opportunely, being devoted to a study of French finance from about 1700 to the present day. At the end of the seventeenth century, as today, the French Government was in great need of money, and from the same cause—a long and exhausting war. There was the same search for new and more productive methods of taxation, and one of the most interesting of these was associated with the name of the great French engineer Vauban, who proposed to levy a direct tax on income in place of the existent indirect taxation which, as he saw, weighed most heavily on the poor.

The work in which he advocated this reform and protested against the unjust exemption of the upper classes anticipated certain of the basic principles of the French Revolution and it was promptly suppressed on publication. Nevertheless an income-tax was established more or less on the titles laid down by Vauban, but the revenue from it dwindled continuously and Louis XIV was compelled to adopt other and often more questionable means of raising money, such as a loan secured on the Royal Treasury and, later, a debasement of the coinage, a proceeding equivalent to the inflation of currency of which a good part of Europe has had such a painful experience during the past few years. In fact, the parallel with our day, down to the laws against the export of capital and the devices adopted to evade them, is remarkable.

After Louis's death and the coming of the Regency, there appeared the famous Scots financier and economist, John Law, who brought forward a great scheme for setting up a bank which should finance the trade and industry of the nation and gradually absorb the surplus paper-money of the state. This proved a great success at first and Law launched out on ambitious schemes for the exploitation of Louisiana and the taking over of the French National Debt. The enterprise went with all the brilliance of the South Sea Bubble and Law became almost the dictator of France—a romantic rise to power which is graphically told in these pages. But the pace was much too hot to last and Law's enterprises declined almost as rapidly as they had risen, leaving him, at the end, a poor wandering, discredited exile, a financial wizard who had been unable to keep up the illusion. So is history anticipated. The lessons and parallels to be drawn between those days and these are too obvious to need underlining in this book. The authors nevertheless point, in a short concluding chapter, to the unchangeable evils of inflation and to the fact that, at bottom, the problem of state-finance is the problem of authority.

The European Crisis

DIE KRISE DES MODERNEN STAATSGEDANKENS IN EUROPA. By ALFRED WEBER. Berlin: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt.

THIS book was published, one would gather, just before the Locarno Conference, but it reaches us most opportunely on the morrow of Germany's departure from Geneva, for it affords us some indication of the lines along which serious German students of politics are thinking in regard to the part their country is to play in the future organization of Europe. Herr Weber, who has a number of excellent political studies to his credit, is not an opponent of the League of Nations. He is, however, very skeptical of all talk about a Federation of the United States of Europe, and the aim of his book is first of all to study previous attempts and failures at establishing such a federation, and then consider what prospect there is of success for the latest venture. In view of events during the past few weeks, a very *actual* proposition!

The very idea of "state," Herr Weber first points out, is European; it had no exact equivalent in classical times, and the rise of the modern state is almost exactly parallel with the rise of the capitalist form of society—of which, by the way, the writer has a cogent defence, arguing that without it the world's natural resources could not have been unlocked nor modern democracy made a reality. After a more detailed examination of the period between two epoch-making books, the "Prince" of Macchiavelli and the "Social Contract" of Rousseau, Herr Weber considers the most ambitious attempt to organize European society on an international basis, that, namely, which followed the French Revolution. Other German writers—but not, in this connection, Herr Weber—have made a superficial endeavor to establish a parallel between the Holy Alliance and the League of Nations. Both, according to the critics, were mere attempts by the victors, to safeguard themselves against the possible resurrection of the vanquished. But this is to overlook the fact, well brought out by Herr Weber, that even on the ruins of the French Revolution there was built up such an essential section of international organization as the internationalization of certain rivers, and the neutralization of certain states. The present League has taken over and developed these two elements in the Vienna settlement, and has added, what is even more important, the machinery for watching over the cultural rights of minorities.

So much for the past. As for the future Herr Weber, like all German critics of the League, considers its usefulness impaired by its being linked to what he considers an unfair and unworkable territorial settlement. Before there can be any organization of anything remotely resembling a "federated Europe" the European Continent must reorganize itself into sub-groups of nations, corresponding to economic realities and historical sentiment. In this attempt Europe will encounter not only the natural reluctance of certain countries to revise their borders, but also two peculiar difficulties, the first the present tendency to dictatorship, and the second the fact that Europe is indissolubly linked to Africa and Asia. This latter makes it impossible to treat Europe as an isolated geographical unit, and Herr Weber, in Nietzschean phraseology, advocates a solution not along humanitarian lines, but in the direction of asserting a united European "will to live." But the first preliminary to this is the organization, on an equitable economic and political basis, of a Franco-German *entente*, with which Great Britain and Italy must be associated—Locarno, in fact, or nearly so. The "federation of Europe," Herr Weber concludes, has never been, and, so far as he can see, never can be, made a reality except under the hegemony, veiled or not, of one Power or group of Powers. A rather depressing deduction for the idealists, but the process by which it is arrived at is very stimulating to thought.

Foreign Notes

Jean Giraudoux, in his latest novel, "Bella" (Paris: Grasset) has portrayed under an easily penetrable disguise two of the great political families of France. He has represented them as hopelessly antagonistic, embodying the hostile elements into which their country is divided through its double inheritance of Celtic and Latin traditions and customs. His tale itself is a new version of the Romeo and Juliet theme, and Giraudoux, like Shakespeare, is too stern a creator to allow it a happy solution. The love of the daughter and son of the two families for each other ends in tragedy for them and in no slackening of the hatred between their families.

"Peter Vischer der Altere und Seine Werkstatt," by Simon Meller (Leipzig: Insel Verlag), is a careful and illuminating account of the problems relating to the foundry conducted by the celebrated Vischer family of Nuremberg during the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. It is a book that should be of considerable interest to students of the art of the period.

What is a curious and amusing addition to Goetheana has recently appeared in the anonymous "Intermezzi Scandalosi aus Goethes Leben" (Berlin: Berthold). These "scandals" on examination turn out to be nothing worse than domestic difficulties springing out of the unsatisfactory conduct of servants. There existed in Goethe's day a law making it obligatory upon an employer in case of the dismissal of a servant to furnish a letter specifying the servant's merits and demerits, such a letter to be deposited with the police. The present volume contains communications of the kind written by Goethe, who, to judge from them, was an irascible master.

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Points of View

From Mrs. Paterson

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Would you mind asking Mr. Edward Davison why I or anyone else shouldn't refer to "the Fabian tactics" of Lord Burghley (as I did in "The Fourth Queen")? His remark upon the allusion seems to indicate that he considers it an anachronism or impropriety of some sort. Does he believe that the word was invented by Bernard Shaw? I am really interested. Surely the scholarly Elizabethans were acquainted with Quintus Fabius Maximus Verrucosus, and even if Burghley himself had never heard of "the Cunctator," what of it? His temperament inclined him to the same tactics.

Also I wish Mr. Davison would mention more specifically what it was that confused him in the necessarily brief "account of the fight with the Spanish Armada." I think it could be explained so he would understand it. Of course, one couldn't possibly give "an account" of such a battle in a novel—unless one were another Tolstoi, and writing an Elizabethan version of "War and Peace"—but the rout of the Great Armada is a dangerously fascinating subject; and I could tell Mr. Davison where to find a much more complete and incidentally more confusing account than my extremely personalized glimpse of it. But he might then be even more confounded at not finding the burning of the *Bulldog* in it; so perhaps, as Queen Bess used to say, we'd better leave it lay.

ISABEL PATERSON.

New York City.

Mr. Lewisohn Writes

To the Editor *of The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I have just been reading Rabbi Blau's review of my book called "Israel." I am so sorry that I am so far away from New York that I cannot ask Rabbi Blau a few questions. I am so conscious of my own ignorance, of being in all Jewish matters a mere Am-haarez, as we say, an unlearned person or mere man of the earth. It would never have occurred to me to doubt that both the learned rabbi and not a few others have long known all the little I had to say. But they didn't for some reason say it. Perhaps the dignity of their learning forbade their saying it. And that is a point of view which I can appreciate. If they did say it, at least they didn't in any such manner as would persuade many people to listen. And if these things are both important and true, it is surely of some service to have said them in such a manner that people would hear. As I say, I know the austerity of scholarship that will not condescend to the "drum" of "literary *éclat.*" But the world is a good deal of a marketplace and that sort of a drum perhaps a reasonably useful instrument. Yes, I have no rabbinical lore and I am fond of literature and try to write as well as I can. Curiously enough both Theodor Herzl and Max Nordau were precisely in my position. Ah, how much we can learn from our rabbis and teachers! How undignified it is to try to write in a literary manner and how vulgar it is to be heard! But we unlearned ones must do the best we can and bear with good humor the corrections and grudging approval of those who know so much more than we and would have said it much better and with vastly more scholarly preparation for the task, if only they had made up their minds to do so. And what, I wonder, kept them from making up their minds? But I am far away and not important enough to hope that Rabbi Blau will let me know the reason.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

Paris.

More Light

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of March 20 the presidential McCracken gently derides the equally presidential Thwing for his use of certain words, among them "judicialness." But only two columns over Mr. Harold J. Laski, himself by definition one of those unpresidential teachers on whom the hope of education rests, says that the gentleman whose work he is reviewing shows something or other with great executiveness.

Now clearly judicialness may be the attribute of an author, even though he be not a Justice of the Supreme Court. And a statesman writing out a statute might well be regarded as possessing legislativeness, though some statesmen, e. g., Mr. Volstead, turn out to be not quite so legislative as they had hoped. But executiveness? Well, I concede that Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., writing the brief notice which fired practically the whole staff of his Miami newspaper, displayed the quality of executiveness. But how it can be manifested in the work of a descriptive and analytical sociologist is too much for my bemused mind.

Yours for More Light,
ELMER DAVIS.

Van Loon on Faure

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I liked Mr. Van Loon's rebellion against obscurity and pompous abstraction, in his review of Faure's "Dance Over Fire and Water." I also shared his annoyance at a translator who ought to know better. But the doubt remains whether Mr. Van Loon's tirade served any purpose as criticism. If he had striven a little harder, he could surely have discovered the few not-too-complex and rather engaging ideas essential to Elie Faure's philosophy of the super-soul; ideas applied with real brilliance in his "Napoléon" (translated last year), and, more narrowly, in an untranslated volume, "Les Constructeurs," in which he considers Lamarck, Dostoievski, Nietzsche, Michelet, and Cézanne. The ideas in these two volumes, and in "The Dance over Fire and Water," are such as might have held some interest for the author of "The Story of Mankind"—and an estimate by him of the author of "The History of Art" ought to have been profitable. I regret that he preferred easy ridicule—the book was at least worth an honest refutation. And I wonder if the *Saturday Review* lived up to its standard in publishing so inconsequential an article.

LOMBARD AYRES.

New York City.

The Tragic Philosophy

(*Continued from page 735*)

by title names taken from ancient story and the use of the jargon of the schools. He could readily cull from the writings of Nietzsche a volume with the title "Dionysus," or "The Future of Culture," which would be the most startling of his series and "as thrilling as a Parisian novel." For my part, however, I must confess that I prefer the prophet who follows in the footsteps of Jules Verne, or even of Bellamy, or Wells.

A word as to the order in which Nietzsche's works should be read. Begin with "The Birth of Tragedy," his first published book. The kernel of his thought is here, though encased in wrappings borrowed from philosophies which he later repudiated. Then turn to the "Future of Our Educational Institutions"—these for the soberer Nietzsche of the earlier days. Then read "The Dawn of Day," "The Joyful Wisdom" (especially Book IV.), "The Genealogy of Morals," "Beyond Good and Evil," and as much of "The Will to Power" as you can—the one book of Nietzsche that I find hard to read. It is hopelessly prolix and in long stretches positively dull. It is only fair to add, however, that this work was left unfinished. With this preparation, the "Zarathustra" will be intelligible. Put off to the last the "Ecce Homo," his amazing autobiography—a biography wholly interior, the story of the life of a mind. It was written with incredible rapidity just before the veil descended on his reason, dooming him for his remaining years to the death in life of insanity. His entire past mental life seems to have rushed before his vision in his last days of sanity, with great clarity and distinctness; as a drowning man is said just before death to take in at a glance his whole past life. Nietzsche once wrote: "The thinker does not need applause or the clapping of hands, provided he be sure of the clapping of his own hands. The latter, however, he cannot do without." In this book he very audibly claps his hands. If you read this book first, you will simply be repelled by the egotism, even by the titles of his chapters—"Why I am so Clever," "Why I write such excellent books." And yet it does not require much of a stretch of the imagination to suppose Bernard Shaw writing of himself under just those captions. Shaw has the genius to get away with it, and so had Nietzsche.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THINGS THAT HAVE INTERESTED ME: Third Series. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Doran. 1926. $2.50.

Power to communicate his gusto for all things in life, great or little, which is perhaps the most precious gift of Arnold Bennett, gives savor even to this offering, the third of his collections of notes on things in general. They are the product doubtless of his confessed practice of never having a thought without getting it into print. His thrift is our gain for if one must spend a good deal of time with trivialities how pleasant it is to have them discussed by so keen and bright a friend. Not that all the subjects in this book's list of thirty-nine are trivial; some are of the greatest importance. It is rather the essayist's casual manner of dumping his religious beliefs and his judgments on fellow craftsmen into the same basket with such things as audibility in theatres and mannequins in shop windows which gives us the impression of getting a banquet of scraps.

Mr. Bennett can approach any subject on earth (or in heaven) with his profound common sense and he has a creed which lights his way to every aspect of things. "Now I will not say there are no dull persons," he tells us, "but I will say that I have never known one." This is the intellectual side of it, the incessant penetrating curiosity which makes him, of his kind, the best novelist in English. The climax of his list of things worth while in life is the exercise of benevolence, "one major satisfaction—and it may well be the greatest of all." This is the moral side of the creed by which he lives and also, fortunately, writes.

Not much space is given to criticism but the flitting attention of the literary craftsman does pause momentarily on these judgments: that Eugene O'Neil is a sentimentalist and inferior to George Cohan as playwright; that Marcel Proust is overrated; that Maurois unfortunately left the essential Shelley, the poet, out of Ariel; and that "The Brothers Karamazov" is the greatest novel ever written.

"Man's first duty is to boil the pot," says Mr. Bennett, and that is "a grand truth." About its grandeur there can be more doubt than there is about his own cheerful success at the job. He could preside over a very interesting "colyum" for an American newspaper with the fag end of his mental energy and this book is further proof of how fascinating that "colyum" would be.

MAN AND HIS FELLOWS. By *Ernest M. Hopkins*. Princeton University Press. $1.50 net.

RICHARD KANE LOOKS AT LIFE. By *Irwin Edman*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

THE MIND OF JOHN KEATS. By *Clarence Dewitt Thorpe*. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

RAMBLES AND REFLECTIONS. By *A. C. Benson*. Putnams. $3.75.

THE POMPS OF SATAN. By *Edgar Saltus*. Brentanos. $2.

VIGNETTES OF THE SEA. By *Felix Riesenberg*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

THE ROMANY STAIN. By *Christopher Morley*. Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.

THE STANDARD OF AMERICAN SPEECH AND OTHER PAPERS. By *Fred Newton Scott*. Allyn & Bacon. $1.60.

Fiction

A NEW NAME. By GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL. Lippincott. 1926. $2.

Mrs. Hill's latest story is a singularly sentimental and pious tract, clumsily written, fatuous and illogical, wherein a giddy young scion of the rich is humbled, purged, and saved from future sinfulness. We first behold our hero trembling from fear that the girl who has just shared a motor accident with him has been killed, and that he, having driven the car in which they have ridden, will consequently be arrested for murdering her! Thinking her dead, he runs away to a distant town, assumes another man's identity, takes up the latter's work, toils and repents, embraces religion, is beloved by all his newly found circle, becomes a pillar of the local church, only to learn in the end that the girl has not died. To be candid, the book is awful.

MISS BLAKE'S HUSBAND. By ELIZABETH JORDAN. Century. 1926. $2.

A romantic, orphaned girl of twenty-three, college educated and too self-confident, possessed of an income from half a million, sets forth from her Mid-West home to seek an ideal husband. On the way to New York the train is wrecked, and Marjorie, slightly injured, falls to the care of a young doctor and an attractive, sympathetic girl of masterful tendencies. Marjorie becomes the intimate of these two, trusting them implicitly, but in the metropolis she discovers that for some unknown reason they have secret designs upon her. Their seemingly unscrupulous plans are later disclosed to be not entirely unprovoked and dishonorable, for among the people interested in the plot are Marjorie's illegitimate twin half-brother and half sister who, because of selfish treatment by Marjorie's own parents (one of whom is the foundling's father), have unjustly known hard times. Marjorie learns and improves a great deal ere the identities of these obscure relatives and their troubles are made known to her. In the telling of her story the author expands her material far beyond its proper limits.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE SECRET LISTENERS OF THE EAST. By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI. Dutton. 1926. $2.

The author of "My Brother's Face" does not approach the standard of that earlier work in his present volume, a naïve and sanguinary romance of murder, abduction, intrigue, vengeance and revolt among Hindu and Afghan malcontents, with the overthrow of British oppression as their goal. It is a very ably written book, illumined by distinctive glimpses of Indian life, character and problems, but the tale and its people are too remote from the average reader's world.

SHEPHERDS. By MARIE CONWAY OEMLER. Century. 1926. $2.

Does Dickens, leaning out from the gold bar of heaven, shudder when he sees the spring book-lists on earth? There is no denying his responsibility—he it was who first revealed the capacity of the public appetite for child fiction. Had there been no "David Copperfield," perhaps we should have escaped the endless chain of Alger's hero-boys alliteratively working their way to fame and fortune. Even that abominable wonder-child, Elsie Dinsmore (she must eventually have reached thirty volumes) might have remained in the obscurity her virtuous complacency deserved had there been no Little Nell to call her forth.

In "Shepherds," Marie Conway Oemler achieves a mean between the excellence of Dickens and the triviality of many of his followers. It is the story of a rectory full of children in one of the poorest parishes of a large industrial center in England. Their vicissitudes and triumphs are recorded by the thirteen-year-old amanuensis of the family. Something there is in the unregenerate soul of man which invariably delights in the downfall of cleanly virtue represented by a model child at the hands of his grubbier and more sinful contemporaries. In the tarring of the neighborhood "good boy" and the burning at the stake of his female prototype by the rectory children, the author gratifies this instinct gloriously in what is perhaps the most amusing incident in a fairly consistently amusing book.

Juvenile

PUD PRINGLE PIRATE. By Ralph Henry Barbour. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $1.75.

One of the most popular of writers for boys now comes before us with his new seasonal juvenile. There is always zest, humour, and a knowledge of boy-nature in his narratives. He has a long list of successful boys' books to his credit. His new hero, Pud Pringle is a lively fifteen-year old, more in the Mark Twain tradition than in line with Mr. Barbour's other heroes of prep school athletics. He's a small-town boy. He and two pals start out as pirates on a Southern river, in a motor-boat. They go through a variety of adventures and eventually secure a certain reward. The story moves briskly. Mr. Barbour's dialogue is always convincing and his construction of a "juvenile" accomplished. If this is not a "great" boys' book, it is at least a thoroughly wholesome and adequately written one, a competent piece of work in its field.

LONG LEGS, BIG MOUTH, BURNING EYES. By *Olga Kovalsky* and *Brenda Putnam*. Bradley.

SUMMER AT HALLOWDENE FARM. By *Doris Pocock*. Appleton. $1.75.

DORSET'S TWISTER. By *William Heyliger*. Appleton. $1.75.

Miscellaneous

WHEN WE WERE RATHER OLDER. By FAIRFAX DOWNEY. Minton, Balch. 1926. $2.

The idea has been to squeeze the antics of the speedy Younger Generation into a set of close copies of the animated and extraordinarily clever verses of A. A. Milne. The result is a disappointment.

The jacket of "When We Were Rather Older" is a painstaking parody by Jefferson Machamer of Mr. Ernest H. Shepard's jacket for "When We Were Very Young," and throughout the book Mr. Machamer has a go at parodying Mr. Shepard's inimitable style of drawing. Mr. Downey has an even less successful go at substituting words and occasionally ideas for the sparkling fancies of Mr. Milne, while clinging desperately to Mr. Milne's leaping and dancing metres.

It all goes to prove once more how brilliant is the Milne-Shepard combination, how fatuous is any imitation. This latter taxes our patience somewhat. If the thing had to be done, one might have anticipated more dexterity and less stereotype "comicality." True parody is something utterly different. The clumsiness of this imitation gars us great.

AUCTION BRIDGE COMPLETE. By *Milton C. Work*. Winston. $2 net.

SO THEY PLAYED BRIDGE AND HOW. By *Hugh Tuite*. Simon & Schuster. $1.50.

18,000 WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED. By *William Henry P. Phyfe*. New Edition. Putnam. $2.

MODERN AUCTION BRIDGE. By *Grace G. Montgomery*. Scribners. $1.50.

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Soldiers' Pay
by William Faulkner

"It is a novel without heroics or heroes. It has the gusto and mockery of more spacious days. Faulkner evokes with fine selection, avoiding the dreary piling-up of details of naturalism — the high moments of life. It is poignant with beauty as well as a penetrating irony. There is a sensuous regard for the feeling of life that is quite Hellenic. About the events of SOLDIERS' PAY humor plays its part. A deft hand has woven this narrative of mixed and frustrated emotions and has set it down with hard intelligence as well as consummate pity. This book rings true."—*The N. Y. Times*

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—E. C. Beckwith, *The N. Y. Eve. Post*

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FROM DOUBLE EAGLE TO RED FLAG. By *General Krassnoff.* (Duffield).

ROUNDABOUT. By *Nancy Hoyt.* (Knopf).

WARRIORS IN UNDRESS. By *F. J. Hudleston.* (Little, Brown).

M. H., Fulton, Mo., asks if there is a dictionary of slang, "one that gives the correct words in place of slang."

IT would be a noble enterprise, a Dictionary of American Slang, loose leaf model, re-adjustment service on the first and fifteenth of the month. But who would subscribe? Young people get this language through the pores, and as for the middle aged, the less slang they use the better, at least in the company of the young. It dates too rapidly for a parent to risk his wistful gestures of goodfellowship. A friendly frame of mind is as far as he may safely go; indeed one of the certain evidences of advancing years is to find the slang or the songs of the moment stupid and silly compared with those of the past. The sharpest censors of "Yes, We Have no Bananas" were brought up on "Whoa Emma'."

So, for lack of popular support, that up-to-date American lexicon remains a dream, and the slang dictionary you draw from the catalogue of a large library turns out to be a guide to the cant and patter of eighteenth century thieves and highwaymen, such as lingers in "The Beggar's Opera" or spices the pages of "Starbrace," the second novel of Sheila Kaye Smith, lately reprinted by Dutton—a dashing, pathetic romance that if not yet in her grand manner is well worth including in her complete works. The war filled the dictionary with new words, suddenly ennobled by circumstance; of the books enregistering them an important one is "Soldier and Sailor Words and Phrases," by Edward Fraser and John Gibbons (Dutton), including the diction of the air as well as of the trenches, British and American. "The Origin and Meanings of Popular Phrases and Names," by Basil Hargrave (Lippincott), includes a glossary of war slang: this is a standard collection of over twelve hundred entries. I find all books about words fascinating, but when Logan Pearsall Smith writes about them the result is enthralling; his new book, "Words and Idioms" (Houghton Mifflin), includes sea terms and figurative speech. There is a description by Spencer Armstrong in the *Saturday Evening Post,* March 6 of this year, of the search by dictionary-makers for new words worthy of incorporation. And if you are taking up this matter in a serious way and need new and steady light upon the problem of an existant or potential "American," as distinct from "English," there have lately appeared the two scholarly volumes of Professor George Philip Krapp's "The English Language in America," published by the Century Co., for the Modern Language Association, a book almost as valuable to the student of national psychology as to one whose interest centres in linguistics.

But for the American reader who can say of slang as he commonly does of foreign languages, "I understand better than I speak," the best guides to our picturesque neologisms are the men who create or at least widely popularize them; the cartoonists first, upon one of whom learned societies for the preservation of dialects should confer some sort of distinction. For Milt Gross, whose "Nize Baby" has just been given book form by Doran, puts into print a New York jargon that everyone instantly recognizes whether with a grin or a shiver but that has been heretofore only approximated in type. Sound these extraordinary combinations of letters and the original word comes forth with the fidelity of a phonograph. And if prizes are being given for feats of this kind, I hope that one goes to Thomas Mitchell, who in the leading rôle of "The Wisdom Tooth" emits, for the first time on any stage, a New York Cockney so delicately perfect that it is an artistic creation. But these are dialects rather than slang. John Weaver's "In American," "Finders" and just now "More In American" (Alfred Knopf) have given this a secure and honorable place in our literature, and the short stories of H. C. Witwer's "Roughly Speaking" (Putnam), Sam Hellmann's "Low Bridge and Punk Pungs" (Little Brown) with the latest gayeties from Montagu Glass, "Y' Understand" (Doubleday Page), romp along with the times. Of course if this inquirer lived in London all he would have to do would be to visit the Apollo Theatre on Shaftesbury Avenue, where "Is Zat So," is packing them in, and receive, along with a sixpenny program, a glossary of slang used in the production, from which delighted Britons are now learning six new words for girl, the intrinsic quality of applesauce, and five alternatives for calling a man a dumbbell.

IT may interest readers of this department to know that the list of twelve books to take abroad, as the most thoroughly American on the spring lists, for which suggestions were asked last week, now stands: "Intimate Papers of Col. House" (Houghton Mifflin), "Our Times: The Turn of the Century, 1900-4," Mark Sullivan (Scribner), "Teeftallow," by T. S. Stribling (Doubleday), "Pig Iron," by Charles G. Norris (Dutton), "Fix Bayonets," by T. W. Thomason, Jr. (Scribner), the best report of the war so far, with pictures that for actual motion haven't been touched since the cavemen put those running animals in the caves of the Cro-Magnon; "The Love Nest," by Ring Lardner (Scribner), "One Little Man" by Christopher Ward (Harper). Think of the courage of Mr. Ward, after those volumes of unforgettable parodies of novels, in tossing a novel to a world where novelists write most of the book reviews!

G. S. S., East Lansing, Mich., asks if I were making a selection of the best things that Olive Schreiner wrote, which—in order of excellence—would I buy?

I WOULD begin with "The Story of an African Farm" (Little Brown) because it would never do not to have this. Then if I were choosing for my own use, her "Dreams,"—these have been often printed in various fashions including those on sale by Woolworth, but are now fittingly preserved in an edition issued by Little Brown. There is a comparatively recent, posthumous collection of "Stories, Dreams and Allegories" (Stokes) that has much the same spirit. If you can pick up somewhere second-hand a copy of her "Women and Labor," add it to the collection if only for its importance as prophecy, and for the intense sincerity of its address to those who are to come after. The most surprising production of her pen to my way of thinking, is the volume of "Letters: 1876-1920," edited by her husband, S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner, author of her "Life" (both Little Brown), a book that is also not without its surprises.

E. W., Easton, Md., in whose section declamation contests impend, asks for speeches and prose recitations suitable for such use.

"MODERN Literature for Oral Interpretation," by Gertrude Johnson (Century) is a collection of unusual selections mainly in prose and well adapted to use in contests. The introduction advises as to their delivery. Miss Johnson's other collection, "Dialects for Oral Interpretation" (Century), is an altogether different affair from the accustomed "dialect readings," being not only an excellent choice of representative types but, in its introduction, notes and bibliography, a real contribution to the literature of the subject. Nor would it be possible to touch the subject of declamation without referring to that famous treasure-house, the long row of "100 Choice Selections" published by the Penn Co., Philadelphia.

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Dr. Charles Fiske, Bishop of Central New York, boldly contests the entrance of the Church into politics.

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Dr. Harry E. Fosdick gives another of his inspiring talks on Religion in everyday life.

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This is asked—and answered—by John T. Flynn in the surprising announcement that we are in the midst of a revolution in American business.

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WHAT IS BEHAVIORISM?
Dr. John B. Watson defines the new psychology.

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Henshaw Ward discusses the weather—but differently—clothing statistics with charming imagery.

Human Relationships

MEN IN POLITICS
Emily Newell Blair, Vice Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, has had ample opportunity to observe them, and more than ample understanding to comment.

THE DECLINE OF CONVERSATION
Albert Jay Nock deplores the disappearance of good talk.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

SALE OF RARE AMERICANA

RARE Americana, including autograph letters, documents, broadsides, pamphlets and books, especially rich in material relating to the Revolutionary War period, together with many choice and rare miscellaneous items, were sold by Charles F. Heartman, at Metuchen, N. J., April 10. The 669 lots were well divided between the rare book trade and collectors, the keen competition resulting in general good prices. The star lot proved to be the original manuscript of Thomas Paine's "Memorial from Prison" addressed to James Monroe, American Ambassador to France, in which Paine claimed to be an American citizen and asked Monroe's intervention with the French Republic for his release. This manuscript was dated September 10, 1794, written on 24 oblong 4to pages, on both sides of the paper, and signed "T.P." It was bound with engrossed titlepage and typewritten historical sketch, in full blue levant morocco by Sangorski & Sutcliffe, and brought $3,100.

Other important and interesting lots and the prices realized were the following:

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Aldrich (Thomas Bailey). A collection of 42 autograph letters signed, mainly addressed to Frank Dempster Sherman, covering a period of many years, most of them several pages in length. Interesting literary correspondence. $420.

Burnet (William). "An Essay on Scripture—Prophecy," etc., small 4to, levant by The French Binders, printed by William Bradford, New York, 1724. Only two copies of this book has appeared for sale for many years. $225.

Franklin (Benjamin). A. L. S. 1 p. 4to, London, August 17, 1773. To Arthus Lee in regard to counsel fees. $705.

Franklin. A. L. S. 1 p. 4to, New York, June 26, 1763, fine personal letter. $650.

Greene (Nathaniel). A. L. S., 4pp. folio, August 13, 1783. In regard to the movement of refugees and troops. $270.

Hart (John). A. D. S. 1 p., small 4to, New Brunswick, April 18, 1776. $210.

Hooke (William). "New England's Sence, of Old-England and Ireland's Sorrowes," a sermon preached on a day of general humiliation in the churches of New England, small 4to, morocco, London, 1645. One of the earliest Fast Day sermons preached in New England. $355.

Indian Treaty. A Treaty, Held at the Town of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, by representatives of Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland, with the Indians of the Six Nations, Philadelphia, 1744. Printed by Benjamin Franklin. $230.

Lechford (Thomas). "Plain Dealing; or, News from New England," small 4to, boards, uncut, London, 1642. Contains much information relating to the Massachusetts Colony and its customs. $405.

Lincoln (Abraham). A. N. S. 1850, receipt for $10 for fee in case of Crain vs. Walton. $515.

Omar Khayyam. "Rubaiyat," rendered into English Verse by Fitzgerald, with an introduction by Nathan Haskell Dole, square 8vo, cloth, Cleveland, 1900. Only eight copies printed, two of which were used for copyright. $220.

Putnam (Israel). L. S. 1 p., folio, Philadelphia, January 4, 1777. Fine military letter. $140.

Washington (George). L. S. 3pp., folio, headquarters, Passaic Falls, November 8, 1780, addressed to General Greene. Important military letter. $335.

Whittier (John G). "Moll Pitcher," 8vo, morocco by Reviere, Boston, 1832. First edition. $400.

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RARE Americana, printed and in manuscript, the collection of the late William Green Shillaber of Boston, together with a remarkable group of autograph letters and documents written by or relating to Andrew Jackson, were sold at the American Art Galleries April 8 and 9, 670 lots bringing $33,196. The highest price, $2,850, was paid for the original manuscript orderly book kept at General Washington's headquarters at New York City from June 16 to August 4, 1776, containing general, brigade and regimental orders, 168 pp. 4to, wall paper wrappers, in case. The three sessions were well attended and good prices were maintained throughout.

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The Phoenix Nest

WE have been looking for Spring with a telescope. Probably by the time this is published the coy lady will have appeared. And there was last Friday, of course! * * * But so far—! * * * And we are all ready to follow the gypsy patteran,—in fact the open road so beckons that the announcement of "The Gipsy Patteran," a collection of real Gipsy stories from half a dozen languages edited with an introduction by *Joseph Ellner*, and published by the Bernard G. Richards Company, quite falls in with our mood. These stories enable you to follow the Romany trail over Russian steppes, across the plains of Hungary, the sierras of Spain, through the fjords of Sweden, athwart the English heath, and into the hill country of our own New Jersey. For company one will have such delightful fellows as *Cervantes, Jean Richepin, William Sharp*, and so on. * * * And timely is the announcement of *Fore An' Aft*, a magazine owned and published by boat owners and cruising men. This is a readers' magazine, not a trade paper, but it carries a store-room full of plans of small boats, and has marshalled such contributors as *S. S. Rabl*, the man who made the bugeye famous, *Christopher Morley, John Hanna*, sage of Dunedin, and so on. * * * *Fore An' Aft* is published by the Fore and Aft Company, Inc., in the Fore Top at Huntington, New York. * * * And what is adventure without maps? Early last winter *Paul M. Paine* of the Syracuse Public Library, prepared a "Map of Adventures," a guide to certain picaresque reading through an attractive geographical chart. * * * He has now made a "Map of America's Making" apropos of the sesquicentennial celebration this year of the Declaration of Independence. * * * A third of the series, to come later on, will be the "Map of Good Stories." The R. R. Bowker Company, publishers of the *Library Journal* and the *Publishers' Weekly*, issue this interesting series of book maps. * * * *Helen W. Atwater*, of Washington, D. C., sends us a clipping from the Hotel Mayflower's latest, in which, under theatre notes, appears this interesting item, "*John Barrymore* in 'Sea Beast,' a drama of the old whaling days, by *Moby Dick*, with *Dolores Costello*." * * * *Romain Rolland* has been working upon what he calls a "draamtic *geste*" of the French Revolution, a series of twelve plays, of which "The Game of Love and Death" will soon be published by Holt. * * *Van Wyck* and *Eleanor Stimson Brooks* have translated it into English. * * * Speaking of Moby Dick, as we were above, *John Freeman*, the English poet, has written a new short biography of *Herman Melville*, just brought out over here by Macmillan. * * * This biography is the first of the new English Men of Letters series which will include both English and American writers not treated in the old series,—viz, *Poe, Whitman, Meredith, Conrad*, and so on. * * * *Harold Nicolson's* "Swinburne" will appear after the Melville. * * * The typical book of post-war Germany is said to be *Oswald Spengler's* "The Decline of the West," which comes from Knopf. Spengler had only published a doctors' thesis on *Heraclitus* prior to the appearance of this, his masterpiece at the age of thirty-eight. * * * The first volume, revised and enlarged, appeared in 1918. * * * Six of *Edith Wharton's* latest stories appear in "Here and Beyond" (Appleton). * * * The Boston Watch and Ward Society, as *Mr. Mencken* knows, are now watching and warding with amazing industry. The latest book they have objected to is *Naomi Mitchison's* "Cloud Cuckoo Land," an historical novel of Greece in the 5th century, B. C. (Harcourt). * * * Naomi Mitchison is, of course, as fine and original an historical novelist as England has produced in years. But, Oh God, Oh Montreal, Oh Boston Common! * * * Harcourt has been slightly surprised recently by reviews listing a novel of theirs as "Turkey Island" and a recent book of poems published by them as "Hot Poppy." * * * The true titles of these books are, of course, "Urkey Island," by *Wilbur Daniel Steele* and "Not Poppy" by *Virginia Moore*. * * * "Looy, dot dope, bruk off a whill from de keety-car—sturry from Tom Tum, dot tinny-winny human bing." Such is our favorite head out of *Milt Gross's* "Nize Baby," than which nothing has amused us so much since the early work of *Rube Goldberg*. * * * And then, of course, the best puppet-master in these parts is Mr. *Remo Bufano*. * * * Mr. Bufano opened on February 6th with a subscription series of Saturday matinee performances of his marionettes. These matinees were primarily for children, but of a character that interested grownups as well. They were held at Joseph Lawren's Studio Theatre at 51 West 12th Street. * * * Mr. Bufano projected four groups of programs, the first ran through February, the second through March, the third, till April 10th. The fourth group concludes today and on May 1st—each matinee to begin at three o'clock. * * * In the fourth group, "The Giant of the Enchanted Voice" and "A Chinese Fairy Tale" are given. * * * A children's subscription for a single program is one dollar and an adult's subscription for same is a dollar fifty. * * * Address *Florence Koehler*, Secretary, Marionette Theatre of Remo Bufano, 107 Waverly Place,—or telephone Spring 5312. * * * In England they have a National Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising. Among the *literati* interested in it are *Robert Bridges, Sir Harry Johnston* and *Sir Owen Seaman*. * * * The new name of the organization is The Scapa Society, and Constable has just brought out an account of it, at six shillings net. * * * *Mary M. Colum*, in the April *Scribner's*, says that writers have exhausted the subject of sex tragedy. She explains, "It is very doubtful indeed if a moving tragedy of sex-passion like that of *Tolstoy's* 'Anna Karenina' can be done again in literature. Events such as these may gradually become like the tragedies in Greek literature—merely happenings peculiar to the conditions of life or religious belief at certain ages of the world." * * * Africa is a favored background for much recent fiction. *William Plomer's* "Turbott Wolfe" takes the problem of miscegenation against this jungle back-drop. It is a new Harcourt, Brace novel. * * * The most recent fiction from *Franz Molnar* is "Eva and The Derelict Boat" (Bobbs Merrill), two stories with characteristically Hungarian atmosphere. * * * We have received "literature" concerning The Playmakers Theatre of the University of North Carolina, and the Folk-Plays of the Carolina Playmakers. * * * *Frederick H. Koch* is their director, *George V. Denny* their manager. In November, 1925, they produced "Out of the Past," by *Frances Gray*, "Yon Side o' Sunk Creek," by *Martha Brownell*, and "Quare Medicine," by *Paul Green*. These were, respectively, a romance of college life in Carolina in '61, a tragedy of mountain folk, and a country comedy concerning a quack doctor. * * * The Playmakers' theatre building was dedicated at that time. The Playmakers' initial group of plays had been presented seven years before. * * * Their second southern tour took place in February of this year. The plays are written in a course of dramatic composition in the University, and the aim is to give to the people of Carolina a means of expressing in simple dramatic fashion their rich store of legend and history. * * The firm of Frederick A. Stokes, and the *Forum*, combine in announcing a $7,500 prize for the best American biographical novel, the contest to close on March 1, 1927. It will be handled through Curtis Brown, Ltd., and is open to all authors, regardless of residence or nationality. For complete details, apply to Curtis Brown, Ltd., 16 West 39th Street. * * * A notable group of poems which appealed to us recently was *Joseph Auslander's* in the April third *Independent*. * * * We were interested to meet *William McLeod Raine* the other night. He is a Denver man. His latest western novel "Bonanza" is out through Doubleday, a story of the gold trail in the Sixties. * * * *Dr. Theodore B. Hyslop* is an alienist of note in England and was until recently the Senior Physician to the Bethlem Royal Hospital. * * * He has just published a sort of handbook of historic cases of insanity, called "The Great Abnormals." * * * Dr. Hyslop believes the standard of "Normalcy" to be so vaguely defined that it is almost impossible in certain cases to predict whether departure therefrom will connote originality and genius or insanity needing confinement. * * * So, cheerily, cheerily, brothers!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

DR. W. P. CRESSON, author of "The Holy Alliance," The European Background of the Monroe Doctrine, has been asked by the Monroe heirs to undertake a biography of James Monroe. They have placed at his disposal the Monroe manuscripts which have long been deposited under seal in the Library of Congress. Dr. Cresson would be grateful to any persons having unpublished Monroe MSS. if they would communicate with him as the work is now nearing completion.

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